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THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE: MR. MUTTEBURY COACHING THE CAMBRIDGE CREW FROM A STEAM LAUNCH.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The discoveries of sanitary science have deprived us of many comforts and adornments: it may have made us more healthy, but it certainly left life more bare than it found it. If we liked warmth, it established a thorough draught, and called it ventilation; if we admired colour, it pronounced it bad for our eyes. When the æsthetic craze caused us to go in for sage greens, sanitary science put its foot on them, and whispered "Arsenic." Professor Chandler now informs us "that the usual belief in the poisonous influence of the arsenic in green wall-papers is absolutely without foundation." No doubt he is right, but the "usual belief" had its sole origin in the denunciation of men of science. People were poisoned by their heirs-at-law, and it was all laid to "green papers": and (what was of more general consequence) we all had to redecorate our houses. Let us hope that this will be a lesson to us for the future, and that we may be emboldened to please ourselves a little without so much scientific interference. I knew an otherwise delightful drawing-room which had a ventilator right under the mantel-piece, so that in the very place one came for warmth one was chilled to the marrow. The lady of the house was a confirmed sanitarian, but her husband (sensible man) managed to make all snug again. I congratulated him on his drawing-room being distinctly warmer one winter. "Hush," he said, "my wife doesn't know it, but when she discarded her antimacassars I stuffed one of them into our 'patent rotatory.'"

The idea of an "automatic street organ" is one to strike terror in the human breast; a thing that after being wound up will "go for an hour," and "can be left at the door"! But the fact is, the new invention (which comes from Paris) is a blessing in disguise. It is intended to put a stop to the very nuisance it would appear to encourage. There is a hole in the machine with the welcome announcement: "Drop a penny in the slot and the tune ceases." This instrument should be patronised by everyone with a penny and an ear for music (and its contrary). It is only less deserving than the organ (which, alas! only survived with us for a few weeks) that did not play at all, and the turning of whose handle gave us Londoners such a pleasurable disappointment.

In Denmark, we are told, ladies are beginning to practise dentistry—one concludes only on persons of their own sex. It has been brutally written—perhaps with a prophetic eye to this new departure—that "it takes a woman to stop a woman's jaw." In "stopping," no doubt, their delicate touch would give them an advantage, but in drawing, I think, ladies, as *Punch* recently observed, would not be "principally forceps"; they had better confine themselves to the pencil. It would be a great humiliation to have to revert to the old plan of the string and the door.

A much more promising form of female labour is announced in the making of trout and salmon flies. The humble paths of fishing-tackle manufacture are overstocked, but not this fancy branch of it, at which ladies are said to be able "to make from three to four pounds a week." One is not at all surprised to hear it. Those who know how to captivate the fisherman should surely know how to capture the fish.

If anyone wants to read an exciting novel let him get "The Sin of Olga Zassoulitch," by Frank Barrett. It is a tale of the affections, in one sense, but hardly a "domestic story." It would not be an exaggeration to describe it as slightly sensational. Curiously enough, for the time of its publication precludes any idea of plagiarism, there are some things in it which remind one of a late *cause célèbre*; but, to do the author justice, his fiction is, as usual, far stranger than any newspaper fact. Olga is a striking character, but her grandfather, Zassoulitch, is very much more so: a man one would like to meet, but, if one had jewels about one, not alone; a blind man, who "knows his way about" better than most folks with their eyesight. He recalls, in his resource and resolution, the converted convict in "Les Misérables," only he is a convict that is not converted. These two divide the interest of the tale between them. But Mrs. Parker also extorts admiration. When Mr. Frank Barrett has a good story to tell, as is the case in this instance, he knows how to tell it.

When Lord Tennyson's obituary comes to be written—and may that day be far distant!—and the whole English-speaking race are in mourning for the poet, who, if not the greatest since Shakspeare, has best idealised for them and most perfectly expressed their own experiences and aspirations, what will be dwelt upon, next to his marvellous poetical gifts, is his longevity. Long after imagination and fancy have grown old in other poets, those of Tennyson have kept their fire. It is not so amazing that at an age when the thought of death must needs be importunate, he should have written such a poem as "Crossing the Bar," compared with which all the so-called religious verse of the century sounds mechanical; but where the

wonder comes in is that at a still later date his mind should retain such buoyancy and freshness as are evidenced by "The Foresters." If we did not know that his literary habits contradict it, it would be difficult to resist the suggestion that this play was written in youth, put aside for some reason long beyond the time recommended by the classic bard, and only now given to the public.

Of its literary merits, enough and to spare has been said, but it is curious that no parallel has been drawn between it and the exquisite poem on the same subject by Keats. No odious comparison, such as is but too commonly made when critics are at a loss for "copy" will here be suggested, but it is most remarkable that the verses of the youthful bard, though fresh and vigorous as a bugle blast, are melancholy, while those of the octogenarian are full of hope. "Robin Hood," though in a sense one of Keats's minor poems, is in some respects his best—a perfect woodland picture of the olden time, but intensely pathetic—

No, those days are gone away
And their hours are old and grey,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden path
Of the leaves of many years.

Gone, the merry morris din
Gone, the song of Gamelyn;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grené shawe";
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dockyard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without money!

We have done with them, he tells us; with bold Robin Hood "sleeping 'neath the underwood," and with "all the Sherwood Clan," and they are forgotten. So marvellous is the power of the poet that one weeps with him to hear it. But Tennyson will not suppose that Robin's oaks have disappeared. (Perhaps his living in the days of ironclads gives him a more cheerful view.) We shall die, he makes *his* Robin say, but not our woods—

How few Junes,
Will heat our pulses quicker! How few frosts
Will chill the hearts that beat for Robin Hood!
But for the oaks—
Old friends, old patriarch oaks! A thousand winters
Will strip you bare as death.
You seem, as it were,
Immortal, and we mortal.
And Marian answers him in a still more hopeful strain—
And yet I think these oaks at dawn and even,
Or even in the balmy breathings of the night,
Will whisper evermore of Robin Hood.

Some hunter in day-dreams, or half asleep,
Will hear our arrows whizzing overhead,
And catch the winding of a phantom horn.

The Bill which has just passed the French Chamber for punishing dynamitards with death, whether their infernal machines fulfil their office or not, may or may not be too severe, but it takes into account what our own law is so apt to ignore, the motive of a crime. We have no dynamitards just now—the volcanoes, at least, are not in action—but we have train-wreckers, and it is monstrous that because they have not as yet been successful in their fiendish projects they should be dealt with more tenderly than our pickpockets. When the catastrophe happens—as it is certain to do some day if this horrible crime continues to meet with such comparative immunity—we shall be as panic-struck as the Parisians, and exact "Death" with equal readiness. But if prevention is better than cure, it would be surely wiser to fix the penalty for the attempt on a scale that in fiscal enactments is called prohibitory; say—one is not speaking, of course, of the mischief of schoolboys, but of malicious and fiendish design—penal servitude for life.

Notwithstanding the assurances we receive of the taming of the Wild West, there seems to be still a good deal of "shooting at large" in some places in the United States. In Georgia practice is even carried on in the churches, for a Dalziel's telegram informs us that a bishop (though, to be sure, only a black one) has been shot in his pulpit. Up to this date, it was understood that it was only the organist who was liable to be under fire, and for whose shortcomings the forbearance of the congregation was appealed to. Even if the poor bishop did not "do his best," the action was surely a high-handed one. The pulpit, one would have thought, was a tolerably safe place from bullets; but henceforth in Georgia they will have to be built of iron, like ships' turrets; if a revolving motion is imparted to them they will be especially

convenient for addressing what is called an "all round" sermon to a congregation.

The phrase "I dare not trust myself to say what I think of this poet" has been quoted as a masterly example of the combination of cautious and yet unstinted praise. A parallel to it has lately appeared with reference to Walt Whitman, whom some persons hail as the greatest bard America has yet produced, not excepting Longfellow, and others as the greatest humbug, not excepting Barnum. A critic, who apparently has solved the problem of how to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, has thus dexterously expressed himself: "Without absolutely affirming that Whitman is superior to Milton and Shakspeare, we must admit that there is a good deal in him which is not to be found in either of those poets."

That there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it is a well-known proverb, but it is still a mystery where the immense reserve of fish-knives and forks is stored. There is no article of which, to judge by the constant offer of them in the newspapers, there is such an enormous supply awaiting demand. They are fine specimens and very cheap: about forty shillings the set, which are seen marked in the shops at six guineas; they are always quite new and to be sold "on approval." First, it strikes one they must be stolen, but a recent advertisement lets the cat out of the (plate) bag, and gives a still more deplorable explanation of the matter: "*Fish-knives and forks for fifty shillings.* A lady offers new eight-guinea presentation case (12 pairs), &c." They are obviously, therefore, wedding presents. One has often wondered what the happy couples who are provided with such a surplussage of fish-knives and forks can possibly do with them; if they eschewed flesh and confined themselves solely to a fish diet, they could never wear out the contents of those half-dozen presentation cases. Now one knows all about it. The system probably works conveniently, for, having obtained their bargain at fifty shillings, the purchasers doubtless bestow it as an eight-guinea present upon some other happy pair. Still, from a sentimental point of view, it is sad to think that these gifts laid on the altar of Hymen should be so transferable.

The cottage at Rainhill, the scene of the most ghastly crime of modern times, has been bought by an enterprising Londoner, and its materials will be brought to town and set up afresh, just as steamers are sent out, in numbered sections, for the Congo. At the same time, Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery has been purchased by the trustees of the Shakspeare Fund, and there is now no danger of that interesting dwelling being also taken to pieces and transferred to the United States, despite the protestations of Mr. Donnelly. Of course, it is a deplorable reflection that even for a moment Mr. Williams, of Rainhill, should be a subject of rival attraction with "the divine Williams" of Stratford-on-Avon, but it is in no respect surprising. A great many more people are interested in what by a contradiction in terms they call "a good murder," and will always be, than in Shakspeare's plays. A murder is a thing we can all do, if we give our minds to it, and a thing that may possibly be done to any one of us: it comes home, as it were, to every breast. There is no need to be so shocked about this matter. Mr. Williams's works will soon be forgotten, but those of Shakspeare will never be. The immediate interest of a murder will always outweigh with mankind in general that of the noblest literature, just as a sharp toothache will cause the best of us to postpone our reflections upon immortality. "A sparrow fluttering about a church," says Sydney Smith, "is an antagonist which the most profound theologian is utterly unable to overcome."

"From the time I first procured a visiting card" (a proud day with even a philosopher) "it has borne 'Mr. T. H. Huxley,' but I have no objection to the 'Professor'; the only thing I cannot stand is 'Doctor.'" Thus writes the High Priest of Science. He is doubtless right about "professor": in Scotland, I understand, it is still thought a good deal of, but in England it is too closely associated with massage, ballooning, and patent ointments; but that he should object to "doctor" strikes one as a little hard upon the medical calling. Besides, "everyone is a physician after forty," unless he is something which nobody has ever thought of calling Mr. Huxley.

Legal titles are nowadays a little difficult to adapt for social use. Until the County Courts were invented one could get on pretty well with "judge" as a generic name for the whole judicial Bench, and in your forgetfulness of whether "his lordship" was christened John or James it was very convenient; but to use the word now to such dignitaries would be to commit contempt of court. Some, however, always used to like being called Sir John or Sir James. I remember once having looked up one of their Christian names with prudential care, and addressing him as "Sir Joseph." His wife, who was sitting next to me, remarked reprovingly, in a sort of Mrs. Siddons's whisper, "It is quite true that my husband's Christian name is Joseph, but he is generally called 'Mr. Vice-Chancellor.'" And yet people say politeness costs nothing!

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Another desperate attempt has been made to revive public interest in the short first piece that precedes the entertainment of the evening at our theatres. If anyone desires a charming hour at the play, let them repair without delay to the St. James's Theatre and see "Midsummer Day," by Mr. Walter Frith. The question is, Will they go to see it when they are cordially advised to do so? I very much doubt it. The occupants of pit seats and gallery seats and many in the upper boxes will be bound to be there, but in front of them will be a desert of empty stalls and a ghastly array of empty boxes, all with curtains drawn as if there were a funeral in the house. I never could make out why the curtains of private boxes should be drawn whenever the aforesaid boxes are unoccupied. It does not add to the cheerful look of the house. During the first piece managers insist that the theatre should look as funeral as possible. The blinds are down—some mourning is going on. We only want a couple of mutes stationed on either side of the stage to make the dismal illusion complete. Directly a visitor appears, possibly with an order, on comes an attendant and draws aside the curtain with a flourish. You hear the rings clink on the brass pole. Someone has actually arrived. Now, if I were a manager of a theatre, I would sooner put a dummy audience into a theatre before the play of the evening began than I would permit my company to act to an intelligent pit and a gladstone gallery whose enthusiasm and energy are broken by this grim interval of empty stalls and boxes with curtains drawn. I would restore the lost order of "Humphs." "What on earth are 'Humphs'?" you will very naturally ask? Well, once on a time, there was a celebrated acting manager called Humphrey Barnett. He was the right-hand man of Charles Fechter, and he literally idolised his chief. He was a sympathetic, tender-hearted, interesting old gentleman; and, between you and me, I believe that Fechter, in the end, behaved very badly to him, and repaid his devotion with disdain; but, for all that, Humphrey Barnett knew his business. He was a past master in the art of papering a house. If you went to the Lyceum in the Fechter days you never saw an empty house, not even when the doors were open and Harry Widdicombe was playing the people in with "Nursery Chickweed." The secret of it was this. Humphrey Barnett arranged in every district in London to have a certain amount of playgoers ready to go to the play whenever their services were called for. They were not only ready to go, but ready dressed. They were inoffensive, but of the same genteel order. They all wore little scarlet opera-cloaks, with white satin lined hoods, and coris and tassels, and on their hands were white silk gloves, and they wore white cambric camellias in their hair. These were called "Humphs," after their originator. They were to be found in every district, from Dalston to Dulwich, and they could be summoned on the instant. They filled the house when the curtain drew up, and served to make it look respectable. If business was not good, then the "Humphs" remained; but if the paying public turned in, out the poor "Humphs" had to go, for it was a condition of their contract to be "seat warmers" and to turn out when the seats they occupied were let. They were docile, gentle dead-heads, who served the purpose of the management and enabled the acting manager to play every piece to a full house. With Humphrey Barnett died the noble army of "Humphs," and no acting manager has ever succeeded in filling a house for the first piece, however excellent. Years ago, Charles Mathews told me that the stalls would be the death of the theatre. No actor who ever lived was so sensitive in the matter of audiences as Charles Mathews. It was death to him to act to empty stalls, and he often regretted the day when the appreciative pit was removed into the background. He liked to feel his audience right under his nose, and he longed for the return of the day when the steady, paying public was not shunted.

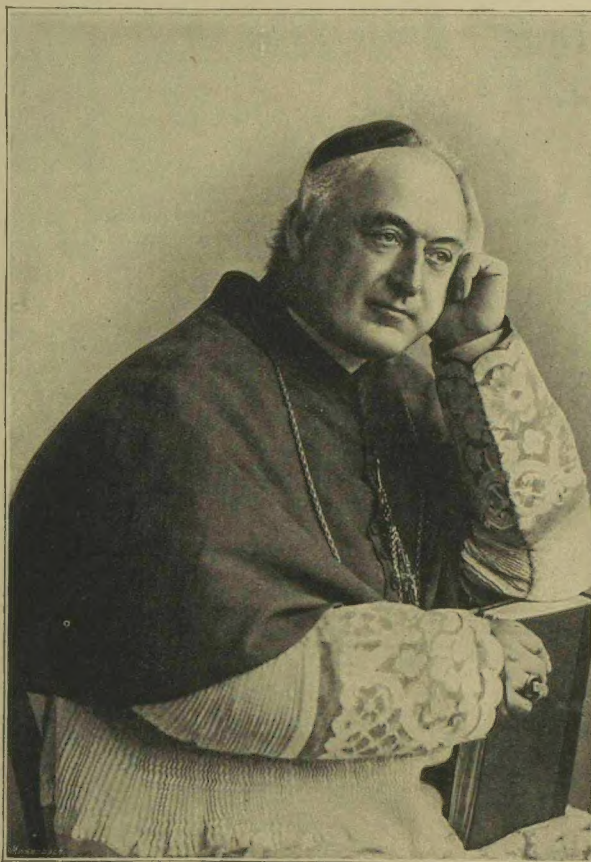
Stalls at the price of ten shillings have certainly killed the one-act play. In the days of Madame Vestris we saw "Sunshine through the Clouds" ("La Joie Fait Peur") acted by the best comedians of the time. In the days of Robson we saw "Boots at the Swan." In the days of Buckstone and Wright we saw Haymarket and Adelphi farces, but it is scarcely possible nowadays to drag the public to see such gems as "A Quiet Rubber" or countless charming dramas in miniature, even if the best actors in London are playing in them. The man who can afford to pay ten shillings for a stall, or ten shillings each for any number of stalls, is not disposed to sacrifice one ounce of his comfort when he goes to the play. The later the hour the better for him. He must dine first and sup afterwards. He it is and his friends who leave the house empty when such charming little plays as "Midsummer Day" are acted. They have paid to hear Oscar Wilde's Joe Millers; they don't want to be bothered to alter the dinner hour for Mr. Walter Frith's new play. I see them scanning the bill: "Midsummer Day." What is that? I don't know. Who is playing in it? H. H. Vincent, Miss Fanny Enson, Miss Winifred Dolan. Never heard of them." Ah? my dear Sir, if you would only go and see them the world might hear very much more of them, for they are excellent, take my word for it. The story they enact is one we all know. It is as true as life itself. A man and woman have married in passion, have parted in

anger, and are reunited in love. It is a chapter in life's history charmingly told, and I really do not see how artists of far greater name could have done more justice to it than Mr. Vincent, Miss Enson, and Miss Dolan were able to do. I have seen thousands and tens of thousands of plays of the evening that were worse acted than this. And even the paying public will not go to see them because the very atmosphere of the theatre is depressed and chilled by acres of empty stalls and tiers of sad blinded boxes.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CARDINAL MANNING'S SUCCESSOR.

Bishop Vaughan of Salford has finally and formally been appointed Archbishop of Westminster, in succession to the late Cardinal Manning, the Pope's strong approval of the appointment having, it is supposed, overcome his reluctance to abandon his remarkable career at Salford. The appointment undoubtedly gives to London the only man whose talents and experience suggest a thoroughly worthy successor to Manning. The men, however, belong to a different type. The new Archbishop is a member of an old and distinguished English Catholic family, which has given many able servants to the Church, and his proprietorship of the *Tablet* emphasises his association with the English as against the Irish section of Catholicism. It



THE MOST REV. DR. HERBERT VAUGHAN,
THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

cannot, however, be said that Archbishop Vaughan is in any way a representative of a backward school. He is a social reformer, on lines which, though differing somewhat from Manning's, represent a very vigorous effort to stamp out some of the worst evils of poverty in his old diocese. He is an advocate of municipal pleasure-halls, where concerts, physical exercises, and dramatic entertainments would be provided, and light and harmless drinks sold. He is not a teetotaler, and in this respect was rather sharply divided from the late Cardinal, who, by-the-way, admired him strongly, and remained on terms of close friendship with him to the end.

Archbishop Vaughan's early career was that of a soldier, in which he followed his father, Colonel Vaughan. He volunteered for the Crimea, and served with credit there. When he entered the priesthood he had Cardinal Manning as his Superior in the community of Oblates at Bayswater, from which he was transferred to the bishopric of Salford in 1872. At this date begins his remarkable career as an organiser of Catholic institutions, and especially of education. He travelled through the States to raise funds for the great seminary for Catholic missionaries to non-European peoples which stands to-day at Mill Hill. He has another seminary overlooking Alexandra Park at Manchester, where an excellent and very practical education is given. Rescue and training establishments, industrial homes, and other institutions are further tributes to his wealth, his energy, and his peculiar ability in the organisation of men. Indeed, so long is his association with local works in Salford, that he and others have felt the danger of his sudden removal to London, and with it the withdrawal of his superintending care. Archbishop Vaughan is a man of rather advanced views on education, and his only possible points of disagreement with his new flock arise from his moderate views

on the temperance question, as against Cardinal Manning's more extreme position, and the fact that he is a Unionist, while it is asserted that the mass of the Irish Catholics in London are Home Rulers. He is a man of impressive presence and the manners of an historic school of English Catholic ecclesiastic; in other words, he is of the type of a Wiseman rather than a Manning, though he brings to his new work a characteristic individuality of his own.

THE QUEEN AT HYÈRES.

Her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice, joined by Prince Henry of Battenberg after his yachting trip in the Mediterranean, continues to enjoy pleasant drives in the neighbourhood of her abode at Costebelle, and has visited several of the beautiful gardens attached to the villas of French private residents near Hyères. But some hours daily, in fine weather, are passed by the Queen and Princess in the reserve grounds of the Hermitage Hotel, sitting long in the kiosks or summer-house, where both ladies employ themselves in finishing their sketches or drawings, or in reading; the Queen uses a donkey-carriage to move about these grounds. On Sunday they attend the English service at All Saints' Church, Costebelle. In aid of the fund to pay off the building debt of that church a bazaar was held on March 31, at the Hôtel Albion, at which the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Beatrice made some purchases. It is now understood that her Majesty, on leaving Hyères, will visit the young Grand Duke of Hesse, her grandson, at Darmstadt, before her return to England, which will be a week later than was intended, probably leaving Hyères on April 23. She has gained much benefit in health from the mild air and sunshine of the Riviera. Among the few English visitors received by her Majesty are the Duke and Duchess of Rutland and the Marquis of Dufferin. Three French naval veterans of the fleet allied with ours at Sebastopol, who live at Hyères, are to be presented to the Queen.

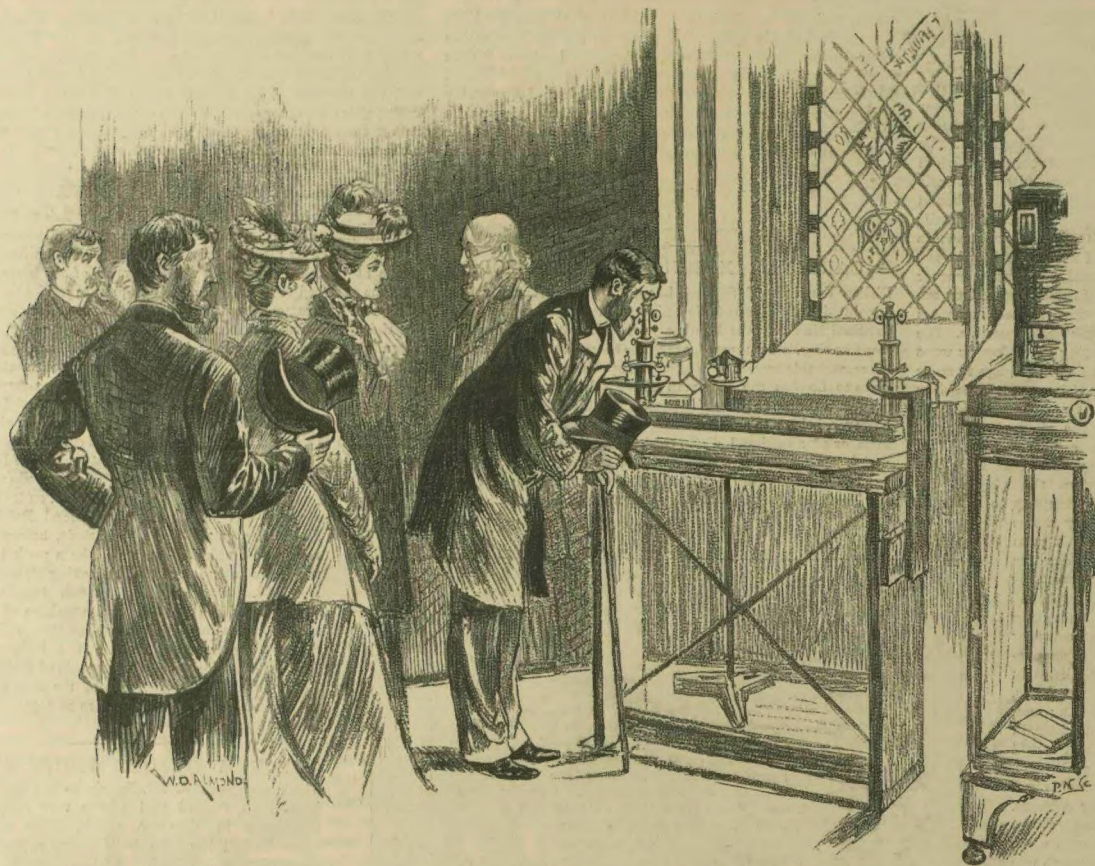
THE NEW OXFORD PROFESSOR.

The appointment of Mr. Froude to the chair of History at Oxford will kindle very different sentiments in different minds. For many years Oxford has been building up a remarkable historical school. Bishop Stubbs, Mr. Freeman, and their pupil, Mr. J. R. Green, are the best known exponents of this school. Its attitude towards the historical method of Mr. Froude was best exemplified in Mr. Freeman's articles upon Archbishop Becket, and in Mr. Green's insistence that the history of Henry VIII. was "characterised by a reckless disregard of truth." Let this be acknowledged, and let it be confessed that a wide gulf separates the method of Bishop Stubbs from that of Mr. Froude; nevertheless, to all lovers of pure literature as distinguished from research it will be a matter of congratulation that Lord Salisbury has appointed Mr. Froude to the vacant chair at Oxford. Whether in that much attacked history of the later Tudors, in the equally irritating Carlyle biography, in the "Short Studies," the "Julius Caesar," or the countless other volumes which make up the life-work of half a century, he is pre-eminently a literary stylist—one of the most delightful that our later literature has known. A disciple of Carlyle in politics, a worshipper of the "strong man" in Government, he has not been influenced by the dictation of his master. History, we are told by a Cambridge professor, should be severely accurate and portentously dull, should weigh the action of men with a deliberation which admits not of the stylist's art. From this standpoint the new Oxford professor's appointment will cause a smile. But to those to whom dulness is a crime it will be heartily welcome. Such picturesque studies as

"The Pilgrimage of Grace," the death of Sir Thomas More, the trial and execution of Queen Mary are among the finest things in English literature.

Mr. Froude was born in 1818, and is one of three brothers, all of whom became famous, one as a mathematician, and another—Hurrell Froude—as a leader of the Tractarian Movement. His earliest efforts were in the direction of fiction, but his novels, even including one published as late as 1889, have but few readers. His first serious work, "The Nemesis of Faith" (1848), was publicly burnt by some of the authorities of the University of which he is now Regius Professor. The twelve volumes of his history were published between 1856 and 1869, and for many years he was editor of the now defunct *Fraser's Magazine*. His defence of Henry VIII., his biographical method as exemplified by his "Life of Carlyle," and his criticism of our colonies, and notably of South Africa, have brought him many enemies, but none so strong, it may well be believed, as to refuse a word of congratulation upon his appointment.

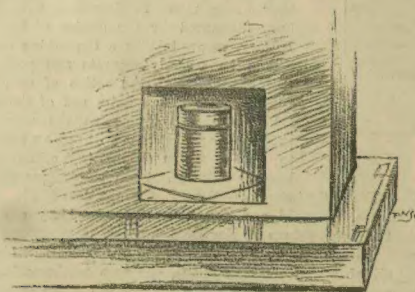
Mr. Froude, keenly reminiscent of a feud with his brother Hurrell, is an Anti-Tractarian, a Radical in religion, but practically a Conservative in politics. Mr. Freeman, by a curious process of topsyturvydom, was a Conservative in religion, a Radical in politics. To him the decrees of Church Councils, the actions of mediæval prelates, had all the momentousness of latter-day Parliamentary elections; to Mr. Froude they are but the crackling of thorns under a pot. That the Froude of "The Nemesis of Faith" should return thus triumphantly to the Oxford of Keble and Pusey, and should return with the imprimatur of a Conservative Prime Minister—himself a High Churchman—is perhaps a curious sign of the indifference or the catholicity of the times.



THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TESTING THE YARD MEASURE.

STANDARDS OF WEIGHT AND MEASURE.

An official act regularly performed at the interval of twenty years, and therefore of some historical, as well as practical and scientific interest, took place at Westminster on Saturday, April 2. It is generally known that all British or Imperial weights and measures are regulated by standard units, a pound and a yard, which are in charge of the Board of Trade. These are kept at the Standards Department, Old Palace Yard, Westminster; and copies of them are supplied to the Royal Mint, to the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, and to the Royal Society of London. They are always available for reference. But the Board of Trade standards are made in accordance with primary standards, which are sealed up and deposited, for safety, in a walled-up recess in the interior of the Houses of Parliament. This depository is in the stone wall on the right-hand side of the second landing of the main staircase that leads, from the lower waiting-hall, up to the corridor of the committee-rooms of the House of Commons. The "Imperial Standard of



THE STANDARD POUND WEIGHT.

Measure" is a solid square bar of bronze, on which is marked the length of the standard yard of 36 in. between two lines of little gold studs. The "Imperial Standard of Weight" is a platinum cylinder, nearly 1.35 in. in height and 1.15 in. in diameter. These Imperial standards of measure and weight were constructed in 1844, were legalised in 1855, and are now adopted in all British colonies and dependencies. They are very carefully preserved. The pound weight, for instance, is enclosed in a case of silver gilt, in another case of solid bronze, then placed in a mahogany box; this is put into a leaden case, and the whole sealed up in an oak box. A periodical examination is necessary, for which two instruments have been devised: a microscopic comparator, which will detect an error of the one hundred-thousandth part of an inch, and a balance of precision, which will show a variation of the ten-thousandth part of a grain. The examination was made in the presence of the Speaker, with the Clerk of the House of Commons (Mr. Reginald Palgrave, C.B.), Sir M. Hicks-Beach, President, Sir H. Calcraft, Secretary, and Mr. C. Cecil Trevor, Assistant Secretary to the Board of Trade; Mr. H. J. Chaney, Superintendent of Weights and Measures; Mr. Plunket, First Commissioner of Works; Colonel Carrington, representing the Lord Great Chamberlain; and Mr. H. W. Chisholm, formerly Warden of the Standards.

MUSIC.

We cannot help thinking that it was a mistake to introduce Brahms's new clarinet works in reverse order to their date of composition. Force of circumstances rather than actual choice may have led Mr. Chappell to do this, but it was a pity, nevertheless; for, after the magnificent quintet which we noticed last week, the trio, performed at the Saturday "Pop" of April 2, unquestionably created a slight sense of disappointment. The analytical programmes have afforded no information concerning the periods when these works were begun or finished. All we know is that the trio is marked Op. 114, and the quintet Op. 115, and that both were publicly performed for the first time at the Sing-Akademie, Berlin, in December last, when Brahms himself played the pianoforte part in the trio. It seems more than probable, however, that the composer caused the latter work to be given privately before he began writing the quintet. Surely he must have heard Herr Mühlfeld in the act of imbuing his themes with that marvellous beauty of tone and purity of expression which so peculiarly distinguish the Meiningen clarinetist, and hence have derived the inspiration for the higher flight which he took in his subsequent effort. Anyhow, the difference between the treatment of the wind instrument in the two compositions is most marked. In the trio it replaces the violin, that is all; in the quintet it becomes a separate and distinct medium for the utterance of the composer's thoughts, standing apart from its fellows, yet bringing its song into harmony with theirs, as though a human voice improvising melodies and vocal graces to the soft delicate strains of the violins, the viola, and the cello. In this sense there can be no comparison between the

two works, and we are of opinion that they ought not henceforward even to be included in the same programme. They were both repeated (in correct order, by-the-way) at the evening concert of April 4, the executants being the same as before. Herr Mühlfeld's tone once more still caressingly upon the ear in the glorious adagio of the quintet, while in the trio he found worthy coadjutors in Miss Fanny Davies and Signor Piatti. It may not be too much to express a hope that this admirable artist will come and see us again.

The name of Arthur Goring Thomas will not be quickly forgotten. Some there be that "shuffle off this mortal coil" carrying with them great reputations, which fade in much less time than it took to make them. The memory of the singer and the actor needs to be perpetuated speedily; but for the composer and the playwright, who leave their own monuments behind them in their works, there is no such pressing necessity for hurry. They can, at least, wait until the moment be propitious. Let us hope, therefore, that there are no formidable obstacles in the way of the performances of "Nadeshda," which the friends of Mr. Goring Thomas propose to give at Drury Lane some time in May, for the purpose of founding a memorial scholarship in the dead musician's honour at his Alma Mater, the Royal Academy of Music. The difficulty of getting up an "occasional" operatic representation, with its inevitable "scratch" chorus and orchestra, need not be insisted upon, and it will be all the more to the credit of the promoters of this undertaking if its success can be made as certain in an artistic sense as the admirers of the work and the composer are bound to make it financially. It is stated that the principal characters will be sustained by Madame Nordica, Miss Brema, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Eugene Udin, and Mr. Norman Salmond—a strong combination.

The Royal Academy of Music, more prosperous at the present time than it has been at any period of its existence, has lately given some capital operatic performances at Tenterden Street, under the direction of Mr. G. Betjemann, following these up on the afternoon of April 5 with the orchestral concert at St. James's Hall which usually marks the end of the term. The work of the operatic class was, perhaps, less remarkable for individual merit, especially of a histrionic kind, than for the excellence of some of the voices and the general spirit that characterised the ensemble. When Mr. Betjemann and his pupils attack a complete opera, instead of a series of excerpts from various operas, as they did in this instance, the result will hardly fail to be satisfactory to all concerned. The feature of the concert was the performance at each end of the programme of a novelty from the pen of a student. The first consisted of a "Kyrie" and "Gloria" by G. F. Wrigley, M.A., which meritorious composition carried off the "Charles Lucas" Prize last year. Mr. Wrigley herein shows himself a fervent admirer of Gounod, and he has not escaped the influence of two or three other modern composers besides; but he is unquestionably a musician of resource, and his writing for orchestra as well as voices exhibits considerable boldness and knowledge of effect. The choral passage "Qui tollis peccata mundi" is remarkably good, the solo quartet, "Gratias agimus," extremely melodious and clever, and the final "Cum Sancto Spiritu" a very fair specimen indeed of vocal writing. At the close the composer was called to the platform and loudly applauded, a similar compliment being paid to Mr. Roland Revell after the performance of his bright, ably-scored overture, "May Day"—a veritable picture of sunshine and happiness. Both works were capitally performed, and the entire concert was conducted by Dr. Mackenzie



MR. CHANEY SEALS THE BOX CONTAINING THE STANDARDS.



THE QUEEN AT HYÈRES: A DRIVE IN THE GARDENS OF THE HERMITAGE HOTEL.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE RIVIERA.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain has taken his seat for East Worcestershire in succession to Mr. Hastings, M.P., his election not being opposed by the Gladstonians.

Mr. Chamberlain was introduced—that is to say, escorted from the bar of the House to the table—by his father and Mr. R. Chamberlain, his uncle, the former of whom he strikingly resembles. He was received in a very friendly fashion, and Sir William Harcourt, forgetting recent disagreements, sat by his side for some moments while he sat under the gallery in the place where new members await their introduction. Mr. Chamberlain is a good and interesting speaker, with something of his father's bright, quick, and decisive manner and debating power. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Chamberlain have all the pleasure of having a son in the House of Commons.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, M.P.

Lord Tennyson's new play, under the title "The Foresters: Robin Hood and Maid Marian," has been published by Messrs. Macmillan, and has, on the whole, been very favourably received. The suggestion which most of the critics find in it is that it revives the older poetic forms of the masque and pastoral. It, no doubt, does this with success, and with a certain lyric fervour very delightful to witness. As an historic play, the material of "The Foresters" is very slight. It suggests the general texture of "Ivanhoe," with a certain reference to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "As You Like It." The new feature in the treatment, as compared with Scott's, is the introduction of Maid Marian, the daughter of Sir Richard Lea, and the prominence given to the legend of Robin Hood as the Earl of Huntingdon, dispossessed by Prince John. Maid Marian, who follows her father's fortunes in the Forest of Sherwood in the guise of a knight, has touches of Rosalind, with a certain rustic freedom of her own; and Titania appears as the leader of a band of fairies, dispossessed by the incursions of Robin Hood and his men. But to most readers the special charm of the poem lies in the occasional beauty and stateliness of the blank verse and the spontaneous and bird-like melody of the songs. Take, for instance, this of Maid Marian's—

Love flew in at the window
As Wealth walk'd in at the door.
"You have come, for you saw Wealth coming," said I,
But he flutter'd his wings with a sweet little cry,
"I'll cleave to you, rich or poor."

Mr. William Watson, by-the-way, who has written some very finely phrased praise of "The Foresters" in the *Spectator*, has received an interesting letter from the poet on the personal reference in the following lines—

Far be the hour when lesser brows shall wear
The laurel glorious from that wintry hair.

Lord Tennyson, in acknowledging the verses, wrote: "If by 'wintry hair' you allude to a tree whose leaves are half gone, you are right; but if you mean 'white' you are wrong, for I never had a grey hair on my head." This corrects a very general impression as to Lord Tennyson's appearance.

Canon Knox-Little, who has been preaching at the mid-day services this week at St. Paul's, has not apparently suffered in popularity from the reference to him in Mrs. Humphry Ward's book. Possibly he has consoled himself with the recollection that the general public never agreed with George Eliot's view of Spurgeon. The Canon may also have a tenderness towards fiction, for he is himself the author of a story which was published in 1887, but did not secure much attention from the reviewers. Canon Knox-Little certainly stands in the front rank of English preachers, now that Liddon and Spurgeon are gone, but he did not discover his power at once. For five years he was a schoolmaster, and for four the curate of a parish in Bucks. Now he is almost supreme in the Chapter of Worcester Cathedral, and is, perhaps, the best known missionary in England.

Sir William Bowman, Bart., who has just died, was, a few years ago, the most eminent of our oculists. Born at Nantwich, Cheshire, in 1816, Sir William was educated at King's College, London. In 1842 he gained the Royal Medal in physiology, and rapidly acquired a great professional reputation. He was Professor of Physiology and Morbid Anatomy at King's College from 1845 to 1856, and was vice-president of the Royal Society. In 1877 he became consulting surgeon



THE LATE SIR WILLIAM BOWMAN.

and vice-president of the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital. He was on the council of King's College, and a corresponding member of many foreign academies and scientific societies. In 1880 he was made hon. LL.D. of Cambridge University, and four years later was created a baronet and Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons. Of late years much of Sir William's time has been spent at his charming Surrey seat, Joldwynds, near Dorking. He is succeeded in the title by his eldest son, William Paget Bowman, who is the well-known and popular registrar of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy.

The accomplished Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. James Brinsley Richards, not long after his appointment to that important post of political journalism, has suddenly died of apoplexy; he was about forty-six years of age. During six years previously he had been *Times* correspondent at Vienna. He was educated at Eton, and lived some years in France, where he was one of the private secretaries of Mr. Drouyn de L'És, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Mr. Brinsley Richards was author of several clever novels.

According to the *World*, which corrects the impression that Lord Hampden was ever a Whip under Mr. Gladstone, that nobleman has left an important and interesting collection of papers, including his journals and reminiscences "as well as his political correspondence." If this is so, there ought, provided Lord Hampden has any literary qualities, to be a series of political documents second in interest only to Greville and Malmesbury. Lord Hampden saw the inside of politics for many years, he was greatly liked and trusted by Mr. Gladstone, he had a singularly open and impartial mind, and he had special opportunities of watching the development of Parliamentary life at a very critical period.

The choice of the Corporation of London of a musician to fill the post of Principal of the Guildhall School has fallen upon an excellent man. Few names are better known either in his own particular world or out of it than that of Joseph Barnby. For upwards of thirty years, as organist, as composer, as teacher, and, above all, as conductor, he has been doing splendid work, building up a reputation based upon solid merit and genuine artistic capacity, and associating his talent with undertakings that have achieved great things for the advancement of music in this country. The plainest record of Mr. Barnby's career would suffice to show that the Corporation has done well in securing him as chief of its big academy on the Victoria Embankment, apart from the fact that he has for seventeen years filled the honourable position of Precentor of Eton College. That the Guildhall School will continue to prosper under his direction may be safely predicted. That its utility will increase and its resources develop there is every reason to hope.

One of the House of Russell, Lord Arthur, brother of the late Duke of Bedford and the late Lord Amptill, and nephew to the late Earl Russell, died on Monday, April 4, at the age of sixty-six. He was trained for public life by Lord John Russell, to a certain degree, and sat for Tavistock in the House of Commons nearly thirty years, but was not of an ambitious disposition. His intellectual abilities were chiefly exercised in literary studies, to which he was led by a private education in Germany, having never been at an English public school or University. In society he was much esteemed.

Those who have seen that stupendous relic and evidence of the Roman Imperial rule in Britain, the Great Wall across the moorlands of Northumberland and Cumberland—which is a grander and truer proof of Roman power than the Coliseum at Rome—will respect the labours of the eminent Newcastle antiquary, the Rev. Dr. Collingwood Bruce, who has died at the venerable age of eighty-six. Next to him, it is the late Mr. John Clayton, of Chesters Park, long Town Clerk of Newcastle, who has the merit of exploring and preserving the remains of the Roman Wall.

OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to Messrs. Maull and Fox, 187A, Piccadilly, for our portrait of the late Mr. John Murray; to Messrs. Lock and Whitfield, 178, Regent Street, for that of the late Sir William Bowman; and to Mr. Collier, New Street, Birmingham, for that of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, M.P.

THE "ATHENÆUM" NEWSPAPER.

The *Athenæum* newspaper was started by James Silk Buckingham in January 1828. He aimed, he said, at making it "like the *Athenæum* of antiquity, the resort of the most distinguished philosophers, historians, orators, and poets of our day." He, however, soon tired of it, and in July Frederick Denison Maurice became editor and part proprietor. Maurice was followed, in May 1829, by his friend John Sterling, who signalled his editorship by welcoming Lord Tennyson to the ranks of "first-rate poetical genius." But no financial success came to these notable editors, and after the paper had been offered to Mr. Alaric Watts for £80, and to Dr. Stebbing, with the whole of the back stock, for £100, it fell into the hands of its real founder, Mr. Charles Wentworth Dilke, grandfather of the present Sir Charles Dilke, who edited it himself until 1846, when he assigned the work to T. K. Hervey. The story of the journal's progress under Mr. Hervey and his successors, Mr. Hepworth Dixon and Mr. Norman MacColl, has been adequately told in Mr. J. C. Francis's book, "John Francis, Publisher of the *Athenæum*," a fascinating chapter in literary history. With the opening of the present month, however, a pleasant crisis has occurred in the history of the paper. From 1830 the printing office has been at 4, Took's Court, Chancery Lane, although the publishing office was only removed there at a much later date. The exodus from Took's Court to Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, of both editorial and publishing departments was celebrated by a dinner at the Hôtel Métropole, at which a large number of publishers and contributors to the paper were the guests of Mr. MacColl. Among the publishers present were: Mr. John Murray, junior (now Mr. John Murray), Mr. Frederick Macmillan, Mr. Edward Bell, Mr. Alfred Nutt; and among contributors perhaps the most notable were Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. George Saintsbury, and Mr. J. Dykes Campbell. An exceedingly clever speech from Mr. Murray and a few well-timed words by Mr. MacColl made up the evening's programme apart from an excellent dinner.

The new building has been erected from the designs and under the superintendence of William C. Street, F.R.I.B.A., of 7, Victoria Street, the contractor being B. E. Nightingale, of the Albert Embankment. The premises are constructed of red brick, Portland stone, and Aberdeen granite, and the front of the building is Venetian-Gothic in character.

OBITUARY.

SIR ANDREW AGNEW, BART.

Sir Andrew Agnew, eighth baronet, of Lochnaw, Wigtownshire, formerly M.P. for that county, died on March 25, at his seat near Stranraer. He was born Jan. 2, 1818, the eldest son of Sir Andrew Agnew, seventh baronet, by his wife, Madeline, youngest daughter of Sir David Carnegie, Bart., of Southesk, and married, Aug. 20, 1846,



Lady Louisa Noel, eldest daughter of the first Earl of Gainsborough, which lady died June 1883, leaving issue, five sons and seven daughters. The deceased baronet, whose title dates back to the year 1629, served with the 93rd Highlanders during the rebellion in Canada in 1838, and was afterwards captain in the 4th Light Dragoons.

SIR FRANCIS KNOWLES, BART.

Sir Francis Charles Knowles, M.A., F.R.S., third baronet, of Lovell Hill, Berkshire, died after a long illness on Saturday, April 2, at 50, York Street, Portman Square, W., the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Charles Henry Knowles. The deceased baronet, who was eighty-nine years of age, is succeeded by his grandson, Robert Devereux Knowles, late 63rd Regiment of Foot.



SIR WILLIAM BOWMAN, BART.

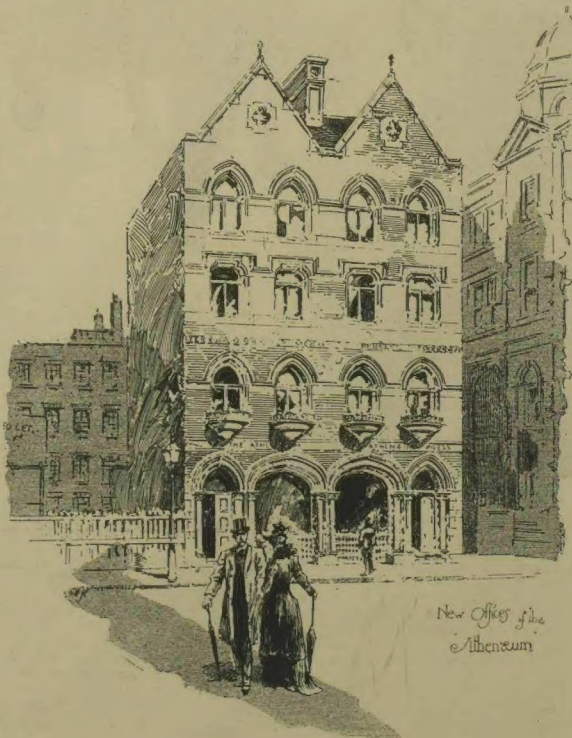
Sir William Bowman, Bart., of Joldwynds, in the county of Surrey, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., died on March 29, at his residence near Dorking. He was born on July 20, 1816, the only surviving son of the late Mr. John Eddowes Bowman, of Nantwich, Cheshire, banker, and was educated at King's College, London. He received the honorary degrees of Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons 1844, and M.D. Dublin, 1867. In 1839 he was appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy and Curator of King's College, London, assistant surgeon there in 1840 and surgeon in 1856. From 1848 to 1856 he was Professor of Physiology, and since 1877 was consulting surgeon and vice-president of the London Ophthalmic



Hospital. The gentleman whose death we record was a corresponding member of many foreign scientific societies and an original member of the Court of Victoria University, and was created a baronet in January 1884. He married, Dec. 28, 1842, Harriet, fifth daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Paget, of Leicester, and leaves, with other issue, an eldest son, now Sir William Paget Bowman, second baronet, M.A., barrister-at-law, who was born in 1845, married, in 1870, Emily Frances, daughter of the late Captain William Swaby, of Wavendon House, Bucks, and has three sons.

COLONEL SIR CHARLES LARCOM, BART.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Charles Larcom, second baronet, formerly of the Royal Artillery, died on March 28 at The Firs, Whetstone. He was born Dec. 2, 1843, the eldest surviving son of General the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Aiskew Larcom, K.C.B., Under-Secretary of State for Ireland, who, on his retirement from that office, was created a baronet, Dec. 24, 1868, by Georgina, his wife, only daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Sir George D'Aguilar, K.C.B. He was educated at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, entered the Royal Artillery as Lieutenant December 1861, and retired as honorary lieutenant-colonel December 1887. He served with some distinction in the New Zealand War in 1863, and commanded a detachment of artillery engaged at Santry Hill, for which he received a medal. The baronet, whose death we announce married, in December 1881, Jeannie, daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Perceval, of Temple House, county Sligo, and leaves issue. His eldest son and successor, now Sir Thomas Perceval Larcom, third baronet, was born Oct. 5, 1882.



HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen is still at Hyères, where she has received visits from the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and Prince and Princess Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, all of whom are now on the Riviera, and a gala dinner is to be given at the Hôtel Costebelle on Thursday, April 14, to celebrate Princess Beatrice's birthday.

The prospect of Easter, and of a longer holiday than usual, has acted as a tonic on the jaded nerves of the House of Commons. The Scotch Equivalent Grant Bill was read a second time with an expedition quite surprising when it is considered how rarely the Scotch members get the field all to themselves. Mr. Chaplin has carried his Small Holdings Bill into Committee after some embarrassments on the threshold. By a majority of twenty-seven he defeated an insidious attempt by the Opposition to graft parish councils on the machinery of his measure. The smallness of the majority is a curious indication that the party in office are keeping an apprehensive eye on the rural voter. As he may be in favour of parish councils, it is not wise to offend him; hence Mr. Chaplin's little difficulties and the wicked glee of the designing politicians opposite.

An ingenious move by Mr. Labouchere, with a view to drawing Mr. Balfour on the subject of the dissolution, was not rewarded with success. Mr. Labouchere wanted to know whether the Government would introduce a Bill to amend the register before the General Election; but, without committing himself, Mr. Balfour dexterously evaded the inquiry. He was supported, on the point of Parliamentary doctrine, by Mr. Gladstone, whose benignity this Session is the subject of universal admiration, though it has now and then a far-off suggestion of thunderbolts in reserve.

The House of Commons is always more interested in questions of privilege than in the public business, and there has been much stir over the action of a Select Committee in summoning to the bar of the House certain directors of the Cambrian Railway, charged with having dismissed a station-master solely on account of the evidence which he gave before the Committee. There is another case which affects the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, who took some abortive steps against one of their officials for a similar reason. Witnesses before Parliamentary Committees ought to be absolutely privileged, and it is undoubtedly necessary to take decided measures for their protection.

Some authority in the shipping trade not long ago asserted that Mr. Plimsoll's agitation was equally superfluous and mischievous, and that the decline in the loss of life at sea was entirely due to the progress in the science of shipbuilding. The best comment on this opinion is furnished by the instructive interview between the President of the Board of Trade and a deputation of which Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Plimsoll were the principal members. The chief point of the deputation was that the Plimsoll load-line was made practically nugatory by evasion. A shipowner might overload his ship and send her to sea, because there was no official inspection of the cargo. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach agreed that the Board of Trade officials must have the power of detaining a ship till they had satisfied themselves that she was not overloaded, and that they must also inspect the food supplied for the crews of ocean-going vessels. It seems that there have been eighty-eight prosecutions for overloading during the last six years, but Mr. Plimsoll says that not one law-breaker in twenty is punished.

The Ulstermen who are opposed to Home Rule have issued a manifesto in which they declare that should an Irish Parliament be established in Dublin they will meet all its enactments with a "passive resistance." Addressing a meeting of the Non-conformist Unionist Association, Mr. Chamberlain declared that Home Rule would place the Ulster Presbyterians under an intolerable domination of Catholics, and it is said that after the convention which is to be held in Belfast this view will be enforced on the platforms of Great Britain by a hundred Nonconformist ministers from the north of Ireland.

On the other hand, Mr. Morley has been insisting in Cheshire that Ireland occupies about half the time of Parliament, and that until this incubus is removed by the delegation of Irish affairs to an Irish Parliament the affairs of Great Britain must remain deplorably in arrears. This prospect does not disturb the equanimity of Mr. Balfour, who assured the members of the Conservative Club that when the conviction dawned on the minds of the electors that the Unionists alone possess the practical means to satisfy the needs of the country all would be well.

There is a new Irish grievance. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is accused of levying heavier royalties on gold and silver in Ireland than on those metals in other parts of the kingdom. Mr. Goschen meets the charge by meekly observing that there is no gold or silver ore in Ireland. "Yes," says Mr. Pritchard Morgan, "but there would be if it were not for your royalties." It is noteworthy that this argument comes from a Welsh member. Neither Parnellite nor Anti-Parnellite had suspected the existence of the precious ore which is crushed into obscurity by the Saxon financier.

The trial of the Walsall Anarchists has brought home to us with unpleasant directness the fact that England is not free from the pest which has been making ravages in Paris and other Continental capitals. Three of the Anarchists at Walsall were sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, and one to five years, while the two remaining prisoners were acquitted. Of the justice of the sentences there can be no question. Bombs were deliberately manufactured for the purpose of blowing up public buildings in accordance with the precious principle that society must be reformed by the destruction of its present framework. This idea is so preposterous that Anarchism might be treated as a form of criminal lunacy; but, whatever aspect it may present to the pathologist or the philosopher, there can be no doubt that gentry who make bombs must be forcibly secluded from temptation.

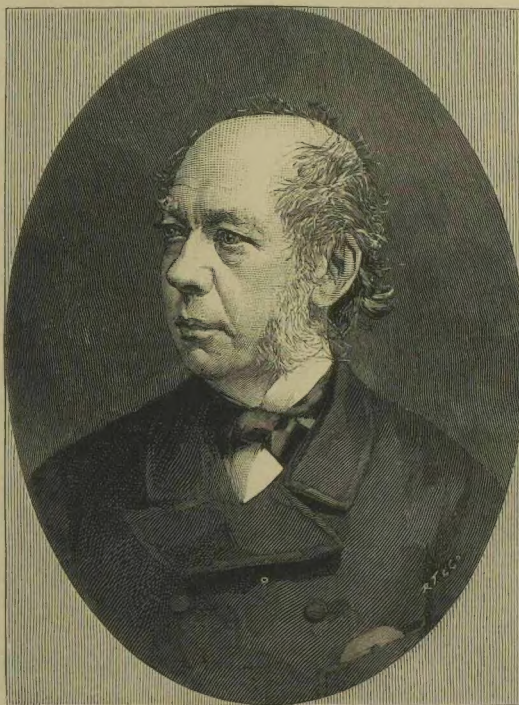
Another offender, of a very different type, may also be regarded as within the category of criminal lunatics. This is Mrs. Montagu, who has been sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for the horrible barbarity which caused the death of a child aged three years. It is scarcely credible that a woman who appeared as a witness for Mrs. Montagu maintained that this baby of three demanded severe discipline, because it had an independent will! On one occasion the poor mite insisted on going upstairs by herself, and on another she would not go to prayers. If this remarkable witness is a mother, her children are entitled to public commiseration. As for Mrs. Montagu, she is a person

of deformed mind, and she certainly ought not to be allowed to resume control over her children when she comes out of prison. As her husband saw no reason to object to her abominable inhumanity, how will the poor little souls fare under his fatherly care?

At a meeting of the County Councils Association, Baron Dimsdale complained strongly of the difficulties imposed upon the County Councils by the postponement of the creation of District Councils. There is a certain humour in this situation, for, while Baron Dimsdale is demanding District Councils, parties in the House of Commons are trying to outmanoeuvre each other with regard to Parish Councils. The district assemblies are forgotten by competing politicians in their disputes about the particular representative authority which is supposed to commend itself most to the rural elector.

The coal strike in Durham is still rampant. It is now alleged on behalf of the men that the owners had plenty of remunerative contracts on their hands, but that, not content with these, they undertook other contracts which caused keen competition, so could not be executed at a profit. Hence the proposal to reduce wages. On this contention it is impossible to say anything except that it is exceedingly debatable on the face of it.

Lord Halsbury, in the course of a characteristic address to the Birmingham law-students, remarked that people who knew nothing about the law complained that it was costly, complicated, and tedious. To the Lord Chancellor it is the essence of simplicity and a model of expedition. As for cost, you cannot get your goods for nothing, and lawyers must be paid like other people. This sort of reasoning reminds me of the introduction to "Bleak House," in which Dickens describes a certain judge who once said in the hearing of the novelist that the administration of the Court of Chancery was the perfection of wisdom and despatch. Lord Halsbury is quite as convincing as that judicial luminary.



THE LATE MR. JOHN MURRAY.

The Vicar of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, receives a stipend of £400 a year, which represents his commuted tithe, and is paid by a special rate levied by the local vestry. The vestry decided that the rate was iniquitous, and refused to make it. A mandamus was issued, and certain vestrymen, preferring their consciences and the wishes of their constituents to the mandate of the law, had a bad quarter of an hour with Mr. Justice Smith. It may be an anomaly to pay the vicar's stipend out of the pockets of ratepayers who are not members of his religious communion, but, pending the disendowment of the Church, the Southwark Vestry must share in a pecuniary form the martyrdom of St. George.

In his evidence before the Theatres Committee of the London County Council, Mr. Irving protested strongly, in the interests of dramatic art, against the licensing of regular plays on the music-hall stage. He argued that acting before an audience who were smoking and drinking was debasing to a player. Perhaps the best answer to this is that the music-hall audience do not want to see acting in Mr. Irving's sense of the word. They like a comic sketch, but a play would bore them, and they would soon clamour for their beloved songstress who warbles the idiotic ditty which is the influenza of street ballads.

The Anarchists in Spain have been spurred to emulation by the exploits of Ravachol in Paris. Two of these have been arrested in Madrid almost in the very act of depositing bombs in the Spanish Chamber. The police had been watching these miscreants for some time, otherwise a ghastly catastrophe might have eclipsed the explosion in the Rue de Clichy. Ravachol, by-the-way, who seems to be a strange mixture of charlatan, chemist, and common cut-throat, has revealed to the Paris police the composition of an explosive for which he claims a destructive force three times greater than that of dynamite. It is, I suppose, a piece of Anarchic irony for an Anarchist to place this formidable weapon in the hands of the society he seeks to destroy.

Turkish diplomacy has at last made up its mind to execute the empty form of sending the Sultan's firman of investiture to the Khedive. There is an engaging little joke in the transaction, seeing that the British fleet had been waiting for weeks to escort the firman to Alexandria, and had gone off with exhausted patience just when the Sultan had made up his mind to set his precious gift adrift.

Patriotic Frenchmen are much disturbed to learn that Russia is about to become a partner of Germany in the commercial treaties of the Central Powers. This partnership is not political, it is absolutely vital to Russian trade; but it is a rude shock to the Parisian optimists who imagined that the transports at Cronstadt meant that Russia would never enter into any relations with Germany, political or commercial. So the Franco-Russian *entente cordiale* is likely to prove another diplomatic bubble. Moreover, the Russian generals are beginning to point out that if the French expect Russia to co-operate in any scheme for the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine they were never more mistaken in their lives.

It is said that the actual assassin of Dr. Vulcovitch, the late Bulgarian Minister at Constantinople, has been arrested. If so, the Russian Ambassador at the Porte will probably demand his release, and will send him to St. Petersburg to live in ease and affluence under the protection of the most Christian Czar. When a certain Shishmanoff was arrested for participation in the murder of Dr. Vulcovitch, he was promptly sent to Russia, although he was a Turkish subject. Russian diplomacy is so sensitive about the assassins of Bulgarian officials that it cannot permit them even to be examined.

In Roumania a different spirit is manifested, for refugees who are hostile to the Bulgarian Government have received a polite hint that their room is better than their company in Bucharest. This, no doubt, will also excite the delicate susceptibilities of Russian diplomats, who, however, may not find the Roumanian Government so complainant as the Turks.

The enthusiastic demonstrations in honour of Prince Bismarck's birthday have excited the uneasiness of the German Radicals, who are already denouncing the idea of the Prince's return to office. The Emperor William is capable of any violent revolution of sentiment, but to summon back his old Chancellor would mean the recognition of the Bismarckian supremacy, for the Prince would scarcely resume the helm on any other terms. This does not make his restoration a very likely event.

The Prussian Army rule authorising military sentinels to fire on people in the streets who threaten any attack or violence has caused the death of a drunken workman in Berlin. He, on Friday, April 1, with another man, abused the sentry at the barracks of the 3rd Foot Guards, and brandished a pocket-knife. The soldier at once shot him dead, and the rifle-bullet, going through his body, wounded the second man.

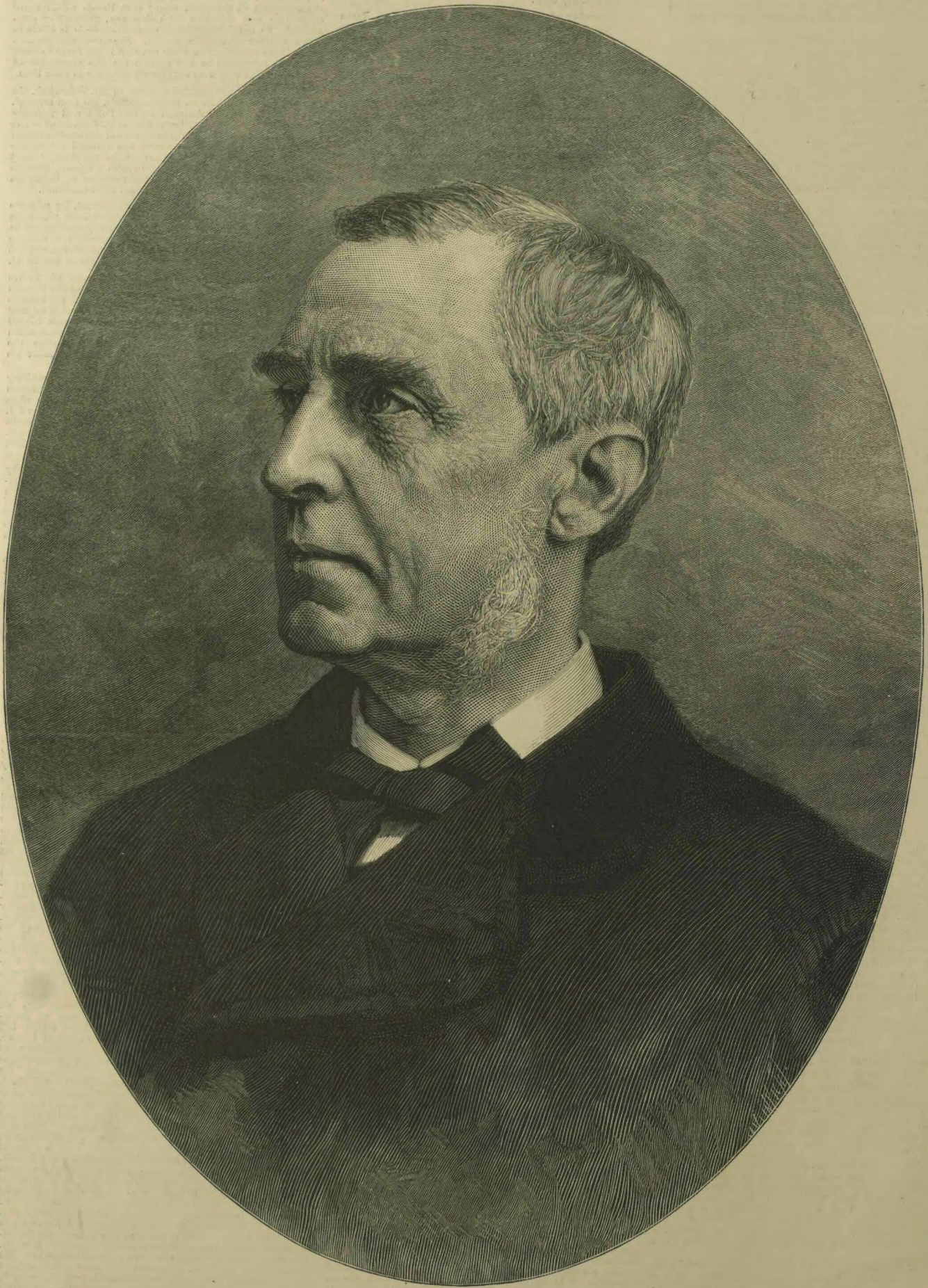
France has got a little war. The King of Dahomey is tired of peace, and is threatening the usual blackamoor barbarities traditionally associated with his nation. The French will pay a debt to civilisation if they seize this opportunity of sweeping the King of Dahomey and his despotism off the surface of the particular portion of the earth which they have been too long permitted to curse.

The Tansa Waterworks for the city of Bombay, one of the greatest engineering enterprises of that kind, were formally opened on March 31 by the Marquis of Lansdowne, Viceroy of India.

The Argentine Republic is still volcanic. An extraordinary *comp d'Etat* has been effected at Buenos Ayres. The Government suddenly proclaimed martial law, and arrested the Radical leaders on a charge of conspiracy to carry out a sanguinary revolution. This startling allegation is declared by the Radicals to be an invention, but there is little doubt that some revolutionary project has been nipped in the bud by the promptitude of the party in power. X.

THE LATE MR. JOHN MURRAY.

With much regret, we announce the death of the eminent London publisher, Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street, son and successor of the John Murray whose name is intimately associated with the works, the familiar private correspondence, and frequent scraps of playful or satirical verse written by Lord Byron seventy or eighty years ago. Surviving his father since 1843, the late Mr. Murray, who had in his youth personally known Byron, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Crabbe, Southey, and their literary contemporaries, was a living link between the earliest and the latest periods of the nineteenth century in English authorship, to which his own good taste, sound judgment, and wide knowledge rendered constant service. The loss of such a man, with the traditions and recollections that he cherished, seems to break the continuity of our literary and social history from the Georgian era. Mr. Murray, on points of taste and style, was naturally of the old school, which has been consistently maintained by the *Quarterly Review*, combining an orthodox conservatism in the fashion of literature with sterling English good sense. Biographies and memoirs of men or families who bore a considerable part in the affairs of the last generation seemed to engage his ready interest; but he developed also, in the course of his own undertakings, an energetic zeal for promoting new departments of knowledge, or extending and perfecting researches which had previously been little cultivated, in the domains of history, geography, and the topography of travel, in archaeology and antiquities, and in other studies which have made vast progress during fifty years. The famous series of "Handbooks" for tourists was commenced by his own hand with "Holland, Belgium, and the Rhine," "France," and "Switzerland," after a personal journey in 1829, and has been the model for many similar publications. The discoveries of ancient Nineveh and Babylon, the investigations of ancient Egypt, of Troy and Mycenae, by Layard, Gardner Wilkinson, and Schliemann, and such historical inquiries as those of Yule on Marco Polo, besides such historical works as Hallam's and Grote's, were published by Mr. Murray. His connection with Dr. William Smith, who afterwards, in 1867, became editor of the *Quarterly*, gave birth to a valuable series of books for the use of classical students, the "Dictionaries" of Greek and Roman antiquities, biography, and geography, followed by works of reference on Biblical and Christian topics of a similar kind. Still, it would appear to be in the departments of critical literary history and of biography that Mr. Murray's enterprise sought its most congenial direction. His great edition of Pope, originated by Croker and completed by Elwin and Courthope, is a characteristic monument. Mr. Murray was no mere book-manufacturing and book-selling tradesman, but an accomplished man of letters, held in high social esteem. He was born in London on the April 16, 1808, was educated at the Charterhouse and at the University of Edinburgh, joined his father's business house in 1828, and married a daughter of Mr. David Smith, a lawyer at Edinburgh. He was the third John Murray, and is succeeded by a son bearing the same name, which should be written in princely style, "John Murray IV."



JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, LL.D.,
THE NEW REGIUS PROFESSOR OF MODERN HISTORY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

NADA THE LILY.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE STAMPING OF THE FIRE.

On the morrow the impi awoke refreshed with sleep, and, after they had eaten, Umslopogaas mustered them. Alas! nigh upon a half of those who had seen the sun of yesterday would wake no more for ever. The Slaughterer mustered them and thanked them for that which they had done, winning fame and cattle. They were merry, recking little of those who were dead, and sang his praises and the praises of Galazi in a loud song. When the song was ended Umslopogaas spoke to them again, saying that the victory was great, and the cattle they had won were countless. Yet something was lacking—she was lacking whom he came to seek to be a gift to Dingaan the king, and for whose sake this war was made. Where now was the Lily? Yesterday she had been here, clad in a mocha like a man and bearing a shield; this he knew from the captives. Where, then, was she now?

Then all the soldiers said that they had seen nothing of her. When they had done Galazi spoke a word, as was agreed between him and Umslopogaas. He said that when they stormed the cave he had seen a man run at a warrior in the cave to kill him. Then as he came, he, who was about to be slain, threw down the shield and cried for mercy, and Galazi knew that this was no warrior of the Halakazi, but a very beautiful girl. So he called to the man to let her alone and not to touch her, for the order was that no women should be killed. But the soldier, being mad with the lust of fight, shouted that maid or man she should die, and slew her. Thereon, he—Galazi—in his wrath ran up and smote the man with the Watcher and killed him also, and he prayed that he had done no wrong.

"You have done well, my brother," said Umslopogaas. "Come now, some of you, and let us look at this dead girl. Perhaps it is the Lily, and if so that is unlucky for us, for I do not know what tale we shall tell to Dingaan of the matter."

So the captains went with Umslopogaas and Galazi, and came to the spot where the girl had been laid, and by her the man of the People of the Axe.

"All is as the Wolf, my brother, has told," said Umslopogaas, waving the torch in his hand over the two who lay dead. "Here, without a doubt, lies she who was named the Lily, whom we came to win, and by her that fool who slew her, slain himself by the blow of the Watcher. An ill sight to see, and an ill tale for me to tell at the kraal of Dingaan. Still, what is, is, and cannot be altered; and this maid who was the fairest of the fair is now none too lovely to look on. Let us away!" and he turned swiftly, then spoke again, saying—

"Bind up this dead girl in ox hides, cover her with salt, and let her be brought with us." And they did so.

Then the captains said: "Surely it is so, my father; now it cannot be altered, and Dingaan must miss his bride." So said they all except that man who had been captain of the guard when Umslopogaas and Galazi and another passed through the urchway. This man, indeed, said nothing, yet he was not without his thoughts. For it seemed to him that he had seen three pass through the archway, and not two. It seemed to him, moreover, that the kaross which the third wore had slipped aside as she pressed past him, and that beneath it he had seen the shape of a beautiful woman, and above it had caught the glint of a woman's eye—an eye full and dark, like a buck's.

Also, this captain noted that Bulalio called none of the captives to swear to the body of the Lily maid, and that he shook the torch to and fro as he held it over her—he whose hand was of the steadiest. All of this he kept in his mind, forgetting nothing.

Now, it chanced afterwards, on the homeward march, my father, that Umslopogaas had cause to speak sharply to this man, because he strove to rob another of his share of the spoil of the Halakazi. He spoke sharply to him, degrading him from his rank, and setting another over him. Also he took cattle from the man, and gave them to him whom he would have robbed.

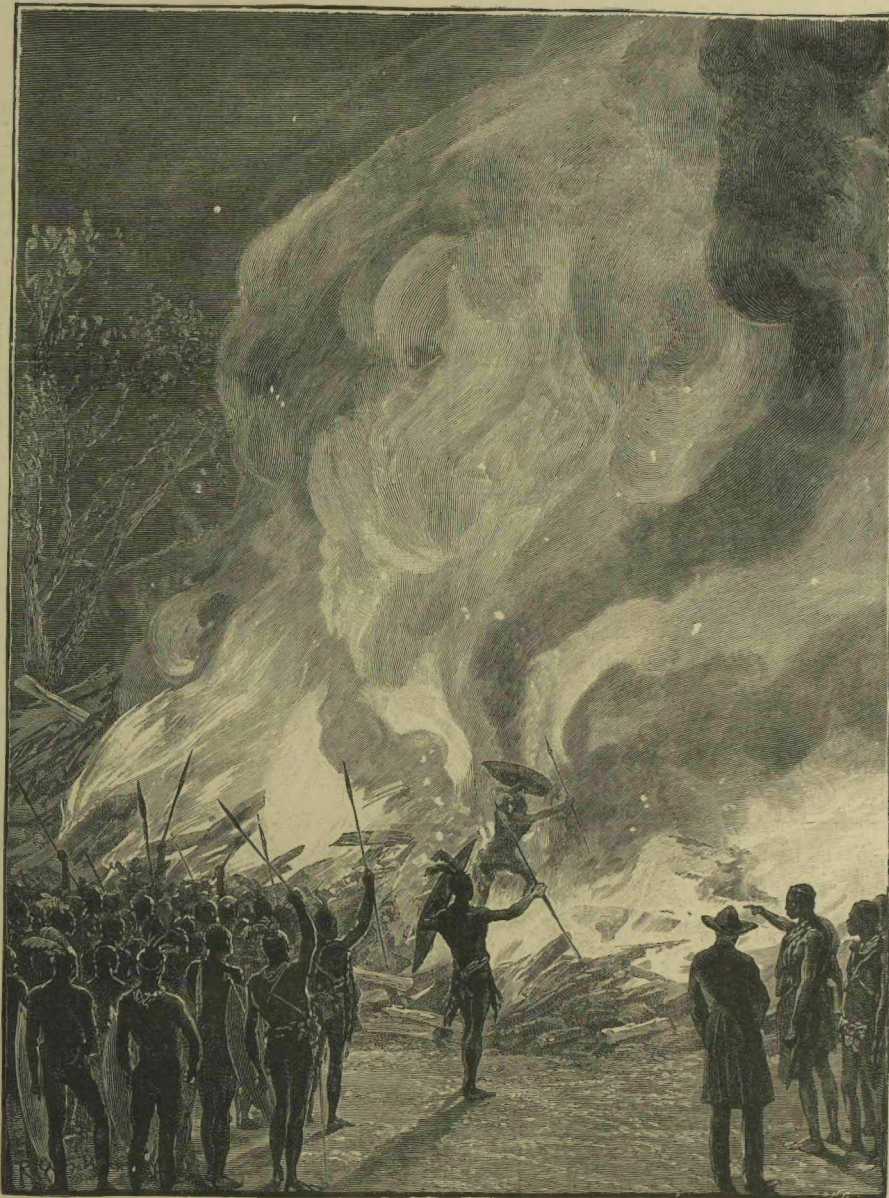
And thereafter, though he was justly served, this man thought more and more of the third who had passed through the arch of the cave and had not returned, and who seemed to him to have a fair woman's shape, and eyes which gleamed like those of a woman.

On that day, then, Umslopogaas began his march to the kraal Umgungundhlovu, where Dingaan sat. But before he set his face homewards, in the presence of the soldiers, he asked Galazi the Wolf if he would come back with him, or if he would stay to be chief of the Halakazi, as he was by right of birth and war. Then the Wolf laughed, and answered that he had come out to seek for vengeance, and not for the place of a chief, also that there were few of the Halakazi people left over whom he might rule if he wished. Moreover, he added this: that, like twin trees, they two blood-brethren had grown up side by side till their roots were matted together, and that, were one of them dug up and planted in Swazi soil, he feared lest both should wither, or, at the least, that he, Galazi, should wither, who loved but one man and certain wolves. So Umslopogaas said no more of the chieftainship, but began his journey. With him he brought a great number of cattle, to be a gift for Dingaan, and a multitude of captives, young women and children, for he would appease the heart of Dingaan, because he did not bring her whom he sought—the Lily, flower of flowers. Yet, because he was cautious and put little faith in the kindness of kings, Umslopogaas, so soon as he reached the borders of Zululand, sent the best of the cattle and the fairest of the maids and children on to the kraal of the People of the Axe by the Ghost Mountain. And he who had been captain of the guard but now was a common soldier noticed this also.

Now, it chanced that on a certain morning I, Mopo, sat in the kraal Umgungundhlovu in attendance on Dingaan. For still I waited on the king, though he had spoken no word to me, good or bad, since the yesterday, when I foretold to him that in the blood of the white men whom he had betrayed grew the flower of his own death. For, my father, it was on the morrow of the slaying of the Amaboona that Umslopogaas came to the kraal Umgungundhlovu.

Now, the mind of Dingaan was heavy, and he sought something to lighten it. Presently he bethought him of the white praying man who had come to the kraal seeking to teach us people of the Zulu to worship other gods than the assegai and the king. Now, this was a good man, but no luck went with his teaching, which was hard to understand; and, moreover, the indunas did not like it, because it seemed to set a master over the master, and a king over the king, and to preach of peace to those whose trade was war. Still, Dingaan sent for the white man that he might dispute with him, for Dingaan thought that he himself was the cleverest of all men.

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The captain neared the raging fire; we saw him lift his shield to keep off its heat; then he was gone.

Now, the white man came, but his face was pale, because of that which he had seen befall the Boers, for he was gentle and hated such sights. The king bade him be seated and spoke to him saying—

"The other day, O White Man, thou toldest me of a place of fire whither those go after death who have done wickedly in life. Tell me now of thy wisdom, do my fathers lie in that place?"

"How can I know, King," answered the prayer-doctor, "who may not judge of the deeds of men? This I say only: that those who murder and rob and oppress the innocent and bear false witness shall lie in that place of fire."

"It seems that my fathers have done all these things, and if they are in this place I would go there also, for I am minded to be with my fathers at the last. Yet I think that I should find a way to escape from this place if ever I came there."

"How, King?"

Now, Dingaan had set this trap for the prayer-doctor. In the centre of that great open space where he had caused the Boers to be fallen upon he had built up a great pyre of wood—brushwood beneath, and on the top of the brushwood logs, and even whole trees. Perhaps, my father, there were sixty full wagon-loads of dry wood piled together there in the centre of the place.

"Thou shalt see with thine eyes, White Man," he answered, and bidding attendants set fire to the pile all round, he summoned that regiment of young men which was left in the kraal. Maybe there were a thousand and half a thousand of them—not more—the same that had slain the Boers.

Now the fire began to burn fiercely, and the regiment filed in and took its place in ranks. By the time that all had come, the pyre was everywhere a sheet of raging flame, and, though we sat a hundred paces from it, its heat was great when the wind turned our way.

"Now, Doctor of Prayers, is thy hot place hotter than yonder fire?" said the king.

He answered that he did not know, but the fire was certainly hot.

"Then I will show thee how I will come out of it if ever I go to lie in such a fire—ay, though it be ten times as big and fierce. Ho! my children!" he cried to the soldiers, and, springing up, "You see yonder fire. Run swiftly and stamp it flat with your feet. Where there was fire let there be blackness and ashes."

Now the White Man lifted his hands and prayed Dingaan not to do this thing that should be the death of many, but the king bade him be silent. Then he turned his eyes upward and prayed to his gods. For a moment also the soldiers looked on each other in doubt, for the fire raged furiously, and spouts of flame shot high toward the heaven, and above it and about

it the hot air danced. But their captain called to them loudly: "Great is the king! Hear the words of the king, who honours you! Yesterday we ate up the Amaboona—it was nothing. There is a foe more worthy of our valour. Come, my children, let us wash us in the fire—we who are fiercer than the fire! Great is the king who honours us!"

Thus he spoke and ran forward, and, with a roar, after him sprang the soldiers, rank by rank. They were brave men indeed; moreover, they knew that if death lay before them death also awaited him who lagged behind, and it is far better to die with honour than ashamed. On they went, as to the joy of battle, their captain leading them, and as they went they sang the Ingomo, the war-chant of the Zulu. Now the captain neared the raging fire; we saw him lift his shield to keep off its heat. Then he was gone—he had sprung into the heart of the fire, and but little of him was ever found again. After him went the first company. In they went, beating at the flames with their ox-hide shields, stamping them out with their naked feet, tearing down the burning logs and casting them aside. Not one man of that company lived, my father; they fell down like moths which flutter through a candle, and where they fell they perished. But after them came other companies, and it was well for those in this fight who were last to grapple with the foe. Now a great smoke was mixed with the flame, now the flame grew less and less, and the smoke more and more; and now blackened men, hairless, naked, and blistered, white with the scorching of the fire, staggered out on the farther side of the flames, falling to earth here and there. After them came others; now there was no flame, only a great smoke in which men moved dimly; and now, my father, it was done: they had conquered the fire, and that with but very little hurt to the last seven companies, though every man had trodden it. How many perished?—nay, I know not, they were never counted; but what between the dead and the injured that regiment was at half strength till the king drafted more men into it.

"See, Doctor of Prayers," said Dingaan, with a laugh, "thus shall I escape the fires of that land of which thou toldest, if such there be indeed: I will bid my impi stamp them out."

Then the praying man went from the kraal saying that he would teach no more among the Zulus, and afterwards he left the land. When he had gone the burnt wood and the dead were cleared away, the injured were doctored or killed according to their hurts, and those who had little harm came before the king and praised him.

"New shields and headdresses must be found for you, my children," said Dingaan, for the shields were black and shrivelled, and of heads of hair and plumes there were but few left among that regiment.

"Woe!" said Dingaan again, looking at the soldiers who

still lived: "shaving will be easy and cheap in that place of fire of which the white man speaks."

Then he ordered beer to be brought to the men, for the heat of the fire had made them thirsty.

Now, though you may not guess it, my father, I have told you this tale because it has something to do with my story; for scarcely had the matter been ended when messengers came, saying that Bulalo, chief of the People of the Axe, and his impi were without, having returned with much spoil from the slaying of the Halakazi in Swaziland. Now, when I heard this my heart leaped for joy, seeing that I had feared greatly for the fate of Umslopogaas, my fosterling. Dingaan also was very glad, and, springing up, danced to and fro like a child.

"Now at last we have good tidings," he said, at once forgetting the stamping of the fire, "and now shall my eyes behold that Lily whom my hand has longed to pluck. Let Bulalo and his people enter swiftly."

For a while there was silence; then from far away, without the high fence of the great place, there came a sound of singing, and through the gates of the kraal rushed two great men, wearing black plumes upon their heads, having black shields in their left hands, and in their right, one an axe and one a club; while about their shoulders were bound wolf-skins. They ran low, neck and neck, with outstretched shields and hands held forward, as a buck runs when he is hard pressed by dogs, and no such running had been seen in the kraal Umgundhlovu as the running of the Wolf-Brethren. Half across the space they ran, and halted suddenly, and, as they halted, the dead ashes of the fire flew up before their feet in a little cloud.

"By my head! look, these come armed before me!" said Dingaan, frowning, "and to do this is death. Now, say who is that man, great and fierce, who bears an axe aloft? Did I not know him dead I should say it was the Black One, my brother, as he was in the days of the smiting of Zwide: so was his head set on his shoulders and so he was wont to look round, like a lion."

"I think that is Bulalo the Slaughterer, chief of the People of the Axe, O King," I answered.

"And who is the other with him? He is a great man also. Never have I seen such a pair!"

"I think that is Galazi the Wolf, he who is blood-brother to the Slaughterer, and his general," I said again.

Now, after these two came the soldiers of the People of the Axe, armed with short sticks alone. Four by four they came, all holding their heads low, and with black shields outstretched, and formed themselves into companies behind the Wolf-Brethren, till all were there. Then, after them, the crowd of the Halakazi captives were driven in—women, boys, and maids, a great number—and they stood behind the ranks huddled together like frightened calves.

"A gallant sight, truly!" said Dingaan, as he looked upon the companies of black-plumed and shielded warriors. "I have no better soldiers in my impi, and yet my eyes behold them now for the first time," and again he frowned.

Now, suddenly Umslopogaas lifted his axe and started forward at full speed, and after him thundered the companies. On they rushed, and their plumes lay back upon the wind, till it seemed as though they must stamp us flat. But when he was within ten paces of the king Umslopogaas lifted Groam-Maker again, and Galazi held the Watcher on high, and every man halted where he was, while once more the dust flew up in clouds. They halted in long, unbroken lines, with outstretched shields and hands held low; no man's head rose more than the length of a dance-korrie from the earth. So they stood one minute, then, for the third time, Umslopogaas lifted Groam-Maker, and in an instant every man straightened himself, each shield was tossed on high, and from every throat was roared the royal salute, "*Nayete!*"

"A pretty sight, forsooth," quoth Dingaan: "but these soldiers are too well drilled who have never done me service nor the Black One who was before me, and this Slaughterer is too good a captain, I say. Come hither, ye twain!" he cried aloud.

Then the Wolf-Brethren strode forward and stood before the king, and for a while they looked upon each other.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LILY IS BROUGHT TO DINGAAN.

"How are you named?" said Dingaan.

"We are named Bulalo the Slaughterer and Galazi the Wolf, O King," answered Umslopogaas.

"Was it thou who didst send a certain message to the Black One who is dead, Bulalo?"

"Yea, O King, I sent a message, but from all I have heard, Masilo, my messenger, gave more than the message, for he stabbed the Black One. Masilo had an evil heart."

Now Dingaan winced, for he knew well that he himself and one Mopo had stabbed the Black One, but he thought that this outland chief had not heard that tale, so he said no more of the message.

"How is it that ye dare to come before me armed? Know ye not the rule that he who comes armed before the king dies?"

"We have not heard that law, O King," said Umslopogaas. "Moreover, there is this to be told: by virtue of the axe I bear I rule alone. If I am seen without the axe, then any man may take my place who can, for the axe is Chiefest of the People of the Axe, and he who holds it is its servant."

"A strange law," said Dingaan, "but let it pass. And thou, Wolf, what hast thou to say of that great club of thine?"

"There is this to be told of the club, O King," answered Galazi: "by virtue of the club I guard my life. If I am seen without the club, then may any man take my life who can, for the club is my Watcher, not I Watcher of the club."

"Never wast thou nearer to the losing of both club and life," said Dingaan, angrily.

"It may be so, O King," answered the Wolf. "When the hour is, then, without a doubt, the Watcher shall cease from his watching."

"Ye are a strange pair," quoth Dingaan. "Where have you been now, and what is your business at the Place of the Elephant?"

"We have been in a far country, O King!" answered Umslopogaas. "We have wandered in a distant land to search for a Flower to be a gift to a king, and in our searching we have trampled down a Swazi garden, and yonder are some of those who tended it"—and he pointed to the captives—"and without are the cattle that ploughed it."

"Good, Slaughterer! I see the gardeners, and I hear the lowing of the cattle, but what of the Flower? Where is this Flower ye went so far to dig in Swazi soil? Was it a Lily-bloom, perchance?"

"It was a Lily-bloom, O King! And yet, alas! the Lily has withered. Nothing is left but the stalk, white and withered as are the bones of men."

"What meanest thou?" said Dingaan, starting to his feet.

"That the king shall learn," answered Umslopogaas; and, turning, he spoke a word to the captains who were behind him. Presently the ranks opened up, and four men ran forward from the rear of the companies. On their shoulders they bore a stretcher, and on the stretcher lay something wrapped about with raw ox-hides and bound round with rimpis. The men saluted, and laid their burden down before the king.

"Open!" said the Slaughterer; and they opened, and there within the hides, packed in salt, lay the body of a girl who once was tall and fair.

"Here lies the Lily's stalk, O King!" said Umslopogaas, pointing with the axe, "but if her flower blooms on any air, it is not here."

Now, Dingaan stared at the sight of death, and bitterness

two returned, that same man whom Umslopogaas had degraded from his rank.

"Speak on, thou art safe," answered Dingaan.

"O King, thy ears have been filled with lies," said the soldier. "Hearken, O King! I was captain of the guard of the gate on that night of the slaying of the Halakazi. Three came to the gate of the mountain—they were Bulalo, the Wolf Galazi, and another. That other was tall and slim, bearing a shield high—so. As the third passed the gate, the kaross he wore brushed against me and slipped aside. Beneath that kaross was no man's breast, O King, but the shape of a woman, wellnigh white in colour, and very fair. In drawing back the kaross this third one moved the shield. Behind that shield was no man's face, O King, but the face of a girl, lovelier than the moon, and having eyes brighter than the stars. Three went out at the mountain gate, O King, only two returned, and, peeping after them, it seemed that I saw the third running swiftly across the plains, as a young maid runs, O King. This also, Elephant, Bulalo yonder denied me when, as captain of the guard, I asked for the third who had passed the gate, saying that only two had passed. Further, none of the captives were called to swear to the body of the maid, and now it is too late, and that man who lay beside her was not killed by Galazi in the cave. He was killed outside the cave by a blow of a Halakazi korrie. I saw him fall with my own eyes, and slew the man who smote him. One thing more, King of the World, the best of the captives and the cattle are not here for a gift to thee—they are at the kraal of Bulalo, Chief of the People of the Axe. I have spoken, O King, yes, because my heart loves not lies. I have spoken the truth, and now do thou protect me from these Wolf-Brethren, O King, for they are very fierce."

Now, all this while that the traitor told his tale Umslopogaas, inch by inch, was edging nearer to him and yet nearer, till at length he might have touched him with an outstretched spear. None noted him save I, Mopo, alone, and perhaps Galazi, for all were watching the face of Dingaan as men watch a storm that is about to burst.

"Fear thou not the Wolf-Brethren, soldier," gasped Dingaan, rolling his red eyes; "the paw of the Lion guards thee, my servant."

But the words had left the king's lips the Slaughterer leaped. He leaped full on to the traitor, speaking never a word, and oh! his eyes were awful. He leaped upon him, he seized him with his hands, lifting no weapon, and in his terrible might he broke him as a child breaks a stick—nay, I know not how, it was too swift to see. He broke him, and, hurling him on high, cast him dead at the feet of Dingaan, crying in a great voice—

"Take thy servant, King! Surely he 'sleeps in thy shadow!'"

Then there was silence, only through the silence was heard a gasp of fear and wonder, for no such deed as this had been wrought in the presence of the king—no, not since the day of Senzangaona the Root.

Now Dingaan spoke, and his voice came thick with rage, and his limbs trembled.

"Slay him!" he hissed. "Slay the dog and all with him!"

"Now we come to a game which I can play," answered Umslopogaas. "Ho, People of the Axe! Will you stand to be slaughtered by these singed rats?" and he pointed with Groam-Maker at those warriors who had escaped without hurt in the fire, but whose faces the fire had scorched.

Then for answer a great shout went up, a shout and a roar of laughter. And this was the shout—

"No, Slaughterer, not so are we minded!" and right and left they faced to meet the foe, while from all along the companies came the crackling of the shaken shields.

Back sprang Umslopogaas to head his men; forward leaped the soldiers of the king to work the king's will, if so they might. And Galazi the Wolf also sprang forward towards Dingaan, and, as he sprang, swung up the Watcher, crying in a great voice—

"Hold!"

Again there was silence, for men saw that the shadow of the Watcher lay dark upon the head of Dingaan.

"It is a pity that many should die when one will suffice," cried the Wolf again. "Let a blow be struck, and where his shadow lies there shall the Watcher be, and lo! the world shall lack a king. A word, King!"

Now Dingaan looked up at the great man who stood above him, and felt the shadow of the shining club lie cold upon his brow, and again he shook—this time it was with fear.

"Begone in peace!" he said.

"A good word for thee, King," said the Wolf, grinning, and slowly he drew himself backwards towards the companies, saying, "Praise the king! The king bids his children go in peace."

But when Dingaan felt that his brow was no longer cold with the shadow of death his rage came back to him, and he would have called to the soldiers to fall upon the People of the Axe, only I stayed him, saying—

"Thy death is in it, O King; the Slaughterer will grind such men as thou hast here beneath his feet, and then once more shall the Watcher look upon thee."

Now Dingaan saw that this was true, and gave no command, for he had only those men with him whom the fire had left. All the rest were gone to slaughter the Boers in Natal. Still, he must have blood, so he turned on me.

"Thou art a traitor, Mopo, as I have known for long, and I will serve thee as yonder dog served his faithless servant!" and he smote at me with the assegai in his hand.

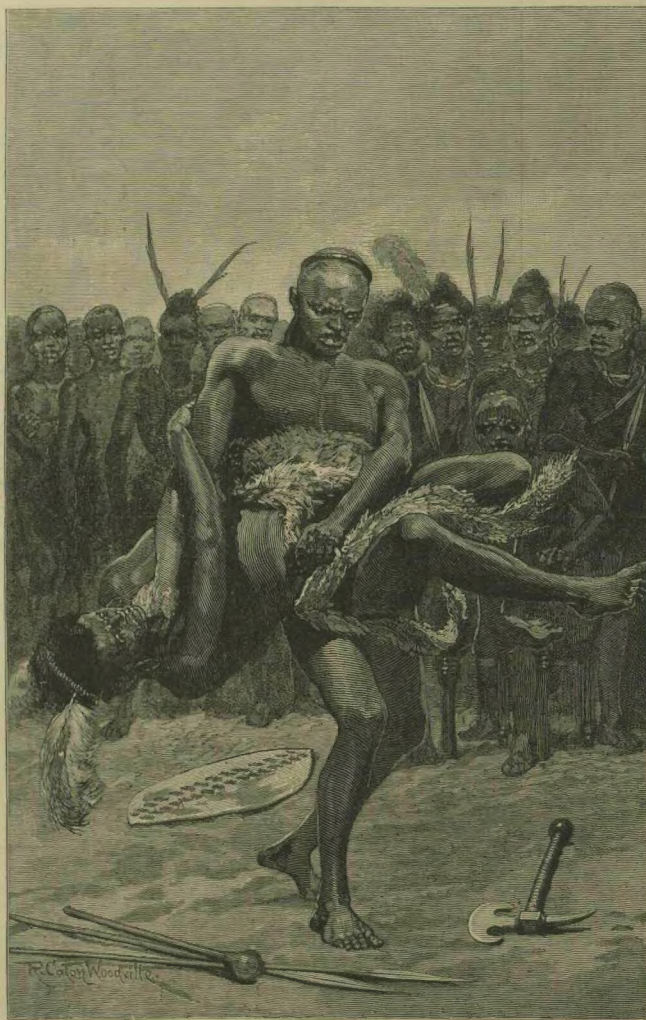
But I saw the stroke, and, springing high into the air, avoided it. Then I turned and fled very swiftly, and after me came certain of the soldiers. The way was not far to the last company of the People of the Axe; moreover, it saw me coming, and, headed by Umslopogaas, who walked behind them all, ran to meet me. Then the soldiers who followed to kill me hung back out of reach of the axe.

"Here with the king is no place for me any more, my son," I said to Umslopogaas.

"Fear not, my father, I will find you a place," he answered.

Then I called a message to the soldiers who followed me, saying—

"Tell this to the king: that he has done ill to drive me from



Umslopogaas leaped upon him, and seized him with his hands, lifting no weapon.

of heart took hold of him, since he had desired above all things to win the beauty of the Lily for himself.

"Take away this carrion and cast it to the dogs!" he cried, for thus he could speak of her whom he would have taken to wife, when once he deemed her dead. "Take it away, and thou, Slaughterer, tell me how it came about that the maid was slain. It will be well for thee if thou hast a good answer, for know thy life hangs on the words."

So Umslopogaas told the king all that tale which had been made ready against the wrath of Dingaan. And when he had finished Galazi told his story, of how he had seen the soldier slay the maid, and in his wrath had slain the soldier. Then certain of the captains who had seen the soldier and the maid lying in one death came forward and spoke to it.

Now, Dingaan was very angry, and yet there was nothing to be done. The Lily was dead, and by no fault of any except of one, who was also dead and beyond his reach.

"Get you hence, you and your people," he said to the Wolf-Brethren. "I take the cattle and the captives. Be thankful that I do not take all your lives also—first, because ye have dared to make war without my word, and secondly, because, having made war, ye have so brought it about that, though ye bring me the body of her I sought, ye do not bring the life."

Now, when the king spoke of taking the lives of all the People of the Axe, Umslopogaas smiled grimly and glanced at his companies. Then, saluting the king, he turned to go. But as he turned a man sprang forward from the ranks and called to Dingaan, saying—

"Is it granted that I may speak truth before the king, and afterwards sleep in the king's shadow?"

Now, this was that man who had been captain of the guard on the night when three passed out through the archway and

him, for I, Mopo, set him on the throne and I alone can hold him there. Tell him this also, that he will do yet worse to seek me where I am, for that day when we are once more face to face shall be his day of death. Thus speaks Mopo the inyanga, Mopo the doctor, who never yet prophesied that which should not be."

Then we marched from the kraal Umgungundlovu, and when next I saw that kraal it was to burn all of it which Dingaan had left unburnt, and when next I saw Dingaan—ah! that is to be told of, my father.

We marched from the kraal, none hindering us, for there were none to hinder, and when we had gone a little way Umslopogaas halted and said—

"Now it is in my mind to return whence we came and slay this Dingaan, ere he slay me."

"Yet it is well to leave a frightened lion in his thicket, my son, for a lion at bay is hard to handle. Doubt not that every man, young and old, in Umgungundlovu now stands armed about the gates, lest such a thought should take you, my son; and though just now he was afraid, yet Dingaan will strike for his life. When you might have slain you did not slay; now the hour has gone."

"Wise words!" said Galazi. "I would that the Watcher had fallen where his shadow fell."

"What is your counsel now, father?" asked Umslopogaas.

"This, then: that you two should abide no more beneath the shadow of the Ghost Mountain, but should gather your people and your cattle, and pass to the north on the track of Mosilikatze the Lion, who broke away from Chaka. There you may rule apart or together, and never dream of Dingaan."

"I will not do that, father," he answered. "I will dwell beneath the shadow of the Ghost Mountain while I may."

"And so will I," said Galazi, "or rather among its rocks. What! shall my veyes lack a master when they would go a-hunting? Shall Greyson and Blackfang, Blood and Deathgrip, and their company black and grey, howl for me in vain?"

"So be it, children. Ye are young and will not listen to the counsel of the old. Let it befall as it chances."

I spoke thus, for I did not know then why Umslopogaas would not leave his kraals. It was for this reason: because he had bidden Nada meet him there.

Afterwards, when he found her he would have gone, but then the sky was clear, the danger-clouds had melted for a while.

Oh! that Umslopogaas my fosterling had listened to me! Now he would have reigned as a king, not wandered an outcast in strange lands I know not where; and Nada should have lived, not died, nor would the People of the Axe have ceased to be a people.

This of Dingaan. When he heard my message he grew afraid once more, for he knew me to be no liar.

Therefore he held his hand for a while, sending no impi to smite Umslopogaas, lest it might come about that I should bring him his death as I had promised. And before the fear had worn away, it happened that Dingaan's hands were full with the war against the Amabooma, because of his slaughter of the white people, and he had no soldiers to spare with whom to wreak vengeance on a petty chief living far away.

Yet his rage was great because of what had chanced, and, after his custom, he murdered many innocent people to satisfy it.

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Rev. Henry John Palmer, son of the late proprietor, Mr. George J. Palmer, is the new editor of the *Church Times*.

General astonishment will be felt by those who are in the secrets of publishing that Mr. Spurgeon's copyrights were valued in the estimate of his personality. The whole sum came to less than £11,000, which included more than £2000 in money, besides his furniture, library, &c. It is stated Mr. Spurgeon left 500 sermons unpublished. These published weekly at a sale of 20,000 a week ought to produce at a fair royalty £1000 a year for Mrs. Spurgeon, and it will take ten years to exhaust the supply. Mr. Spurgeon also left forty volumes of sermons in type, which are continually in demand, and must now yield a very large percentage of profit, to say nothing of his "Treasury of the Psalms" and countless minor publications. I should be much surprised if there were not publishers in the market who would cheerfully pay £30,000 for Mr. Spurgeon's copyrights and think they had made an excellent bargain.

The appointment of Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, to succeed Cardinal Manning as Archbishop of Westminster will raise the old question of precedence, provided that he also is raised to the Cardinalate. With characteristic tact, the Pope has resolved to send an official intimation of the election to the Queen. But the question of precedence will not be settled in this way, for the concessions to Cardinal Manning were made in deference to his age, eminence, and services, and not accorded to him merely for his ecclesiastical rank.

Mr. Gore is more and more asserting himself as the real leader of the High Church Party, and that means very much. He is already almost in the position of Dr. Pusey, and there is not the faintest sign that his concessions to Old Testament criticism have injured his popularity in the least, while they have given him a stronger hold on the rising generation. His new departure may be his most important. He advocates the formation by the Church of a system of Christian casuistry—a body of specific rules for Christian conduct, and along with it the re-establishment of the monastic system in the Church of England. The two things go together, for confession is the necessary corollary to an authoritative guide to life. I believe Mr. Gore and the members of Pusey House, while leaning to asceticism, are not total abstinents. If it were otherwise, the new society would undoubtedly be a powerful ally to Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

The position of this "Lux Mundi" school towards Biblical criticism is simple. It is—accept whatever Professor Driver says, and denounce Professor Cheyne so far as he goes beyond his colleague. I have good reason for saying that there is the best understanding between Dr. Driver and Dr. Cheyne, the latter of whom is about to publish a work on the "Devout Study of Criticism," which will contain some of his sermons in Rochester Cathedral.

The Rev. S. A. Barnett is by no means a narrow-minded man, and this gives great weight to his judgment of the Christianity of Japan. He looks upon the Japanese as admirers of Christ, nothing more. "They need Moses and the Prophets lest they become Christian atheists—followers, indeed, of Christ as a man and as a teacher, but without the knowledge of God, whose image is Christ."

The unequal distribution of incomes in the Church of England is again being discussed. In fourteen dioceses there are 2292 benefices under £200 a year in value, and 463 ranging from £600 to £3000 a year. Redistribution is urgently demanded, but the difficulty of patronage is almost insuperable.

A WELL SPENT WEEK.

BY ANDREW LANG.

This day last week the Novelist met me at the Inverness Station, on one of these brilliant days of sunlight which are common "beyond the North Wind." A recent critic has remarked, with some acerbity, that modern British writers possess fur coats. The Novelist was magnificently attired in the raiment of his profession; he had his "singing robes about him," as the saying is, also a luncheon-basket, and a small but well selected assortment of salmon-rods. We were soon journeying northwards, past the city of St. Duthac and other little towns, and at length alighted in a small station, whence a vehicle with two aged white horses conveyed us up the river. There is the Hill of Lament, where the great Montrose lost his latest fight; here is the stream up which he rode on the horse of young Frendraught; here, in the solitudes, he was driven by hunger to eat his gloves, and hence he wandered into Assynt, where he was handed over to his pious enemies. Our stream draws his waters from the hill of Ben Mor of Assynt, far in the west; following the water for many a mile, we see, beyond the river, a wide, bleak, sandy "hangh," or plain, suggestive of golf, two or three cottages, and a small lodge of the kind familiar in the Highlands. The river is a trifle too high for fording, and we, with our baggage, have to cross in a boat, whereof the oars seem to have met fortuitously, like the ghosts in the American poem, for they are totally unlike in size, colour, and shape. Once, the Novelist regretfully observes, there was a fair maid of the ferry, whom he describes with manly emotion. But now a gillie takes her place, and informs us that there are not many fish in the river. This is damping, and the evening is cold, and the low brown hills of dry heather produce an effect of melancholy.

To-morrow, however, is a new day. There is always a certain excitement in putting together the rods for the first time in a new season, though I neither envy nor imitate the enthusiasts whom hope and fear keep awake all night. The first pool we fish is the Stones. Two large boulders stand out in the middle of the stream. You wade in as far as the nearer of the twain, and fish down, the salmon lying either at the more distant side or close under the bank on the home side. This is the Novelist's beloved pool, and he fishes it with due solemnity, but without getting a rise. The favourite flies here have yellow bodies as a rule. They are the Bishop, Thunder and Lightning, the Childers, and the popular Jock Scott. Moving up, we come to the Rock Pool: a strong stream is divided by a huge, steep, and serrated cliff, like the outline of the Esterl Hills in miniature. When the water is not high the top of this pool is the best of it. You stand on razor edges of rock, with a steep, heathery bank and tall bushes behind you. This is my starting-place, and I naturally catch up behind in heather and bushes. However, as the Novelist remarks, this is mere child's play to the Brae Pool. This Brae Pool he holds over me as a kind of bugbear, a pool to daunt the boldest. Meantime he sits and grins at my misadventures, one's back and one's heart seem to be broken with the weary casting.

This is the gillie's opportunity. There is a Providence that watches over the gillie, or practice has taught him the art of getting out a long line in a difficult place. Presently he shouts to me that a fish has risen to him, and won't I come and cast at it? This is not a very original proceeding, and I feel rather like a plagiarist as I cast over the swirling water. There is a slight jerk at the line; one lifts the point of the rod. Here he is, and no mistake! The salmon here does nothing very dramatic, as a general rule: he runs out some yards of line, then he makes a series of brief darts, as if he would pull the rod out of one's hand; but he does not sulk, and he does not "jigger"—the most uncomfortable thing that a salmon can do. Presently, after a few rushes, he is dragged in and landed—a fresh run salmon of eleven pounds, as bright as a new shilling, and with a pleasing purple hue blending with the silver. The Novelist really bears it very well indeed. I have never seen a man endure the good fortune of another with more equanimity. Coming down stream, there is a long, smooth, rapid pool, with a narrow neck, where it is a pleasure to cast, for you can wade far in, and there is nothing behind to catch the fly. The Novelist is at his favourite Stones Pool below, and I go on casting rhythmically, almost hypnotised by the smooth, swift motion of the water. If you look up, after staring at the stream, the rocks on the other side seem to be flowing rapidly to the sea—an uncomfortable optical illusion, making the earth an unsubstantial, if not a fairy, place. Suddenly, when one is half-asleep, there comes a long draw at the line, the reel squeaks, and off the fish hurries down stream. The unfortunate Novelist returns just in time to see the end of the battle and another fish of eleven pounds on the bank.

So a well-spent week goes on, with no misfortune but the raging ferocity of a north-west wind, which spreads fan-shaped disturbances over the pools, "the black water shuddering," as Homer says, and your fly being carried into all sorts of impossible places. The celebrated Brae Pool maintains its odious reputation. The water runs deep at the nearside, and walls of rock and shale, or high perpendicular banks, overgrown with trees, rise at your back sheer from the stream. They are not to be escaped by wading out, and the line has to be jerked forth, sometimes falling rightly, sometimes with a splash that would frighten a whale; most frequently the hook catches in a tree, and I don't like to calculate how many "half-crown fees" I have broken on the stones. At last—oh! happy hour—there comes a tug, the rod bends, but something warns one that this is a mere maya, or illusion. The fish is no fish, but a kelt—a salmon that has not returned to the sea. He is a long lean creature, all head, with a horrid black back and cream-coloured belly, and he is carefully restored to the water. Luckily, there are not many kelts. The floods from the melted snow have carried them to the sea. But it is an exciting moment when you are first in a fish and are not assured whether he be a kelt or not.

It would be dull to give details about every fish. My best one was kind enough to jump high out of the water, an excellent stratagem for breaking the hold which few of them practise here. They are also very eager takers, not merely making a pluck at the hook, or boiling up as if they meant business, and then refusing to come again. They take the fly well under water with resolution, they are hooked before you can make the blunder of striking; indeed, I hooked one in the act of lifting the fly for a fresh cast.

It has been a well spent week. We have considerably added to the food supply of the country—to say how much we have added would be to provoke envy or incredulity. But, on the week's last day, we woke to find the hills under snow, the pretty harmonies of purple and olive-grey all powdered over with white, the stream of a livid black, and, when a fish was hooked, we had to strip the ice off the line before it would run through the rings of the rod. For the rest, the week, as a fishing week, is marked with a white stone.

Was there ever a week before when I landed every fish I hooked, not to call a mere tug a case of hooking? Never; but much the reverse. Broken hooks and casting-lines, and a broken heart, have hitherto been my portion in life.

THE OLD RED HALL AT BOURN.

Some regret was lately occasioned by a rumour that the Old Red Hall, as it is called, near Bourn, in Lincolnshire, was doomed to destruction as standing in the way of a projected line of the London and North-Western Railway Company from Bourn to Saxby. This fine Elizabethan mansion, a place of frequent resort on account of its artistic and historical interest, was the residence of the Digby family, and is, according to tradition, the place where the conspiracy of Guy Fawkes was planned, which failed, so disastrously for the conspirators, in its object of dissolving a Parliament in a more unconstitutional and expeditious manner than ever Cromwell did.

It is pleasant to hear that such excellent men of business as the directors of the London and North-Western Railway are



so far touched by the romance of history that they are willing to turn aside their line and to spare the famous old house, which may thus long be preserved for the benefit of the artist and of all who interest themselves in places associated with notable events in English history. Mr. J. C. Trowell, of Stamford, architect and surveyor, drew up a memorial, which was signed by the vicar and many inhabitants of Bourn and was supported by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Bourn has, indeed, far more ancient historical and romantic associations, referring back to the Saxon "Hereward the Wake" and his heroic struggle against the Norman Conqueror, which is the subject of one of Charles Kingsley's most interesting tales.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Dreams," by Olive Schreiner. Fourth edition. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Literary Coincidences, A Bookstall Bargain, and Other Papers," by W. A. Clouston. (Morison Bros., 99, Buchanan Street, Glasgow.)
- "Life of Laurence Oliphant," by Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. New edition. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)
- "The Foresters: Robin Hood and Maid Marian," by Alfred Lord Tennyson. (Macmillan.)
- "The Commodore's Daughter." A Novel, by Jonas Lie. International Library. (Heinemann.)
- "A Question of Taste," by Maarten Maartens. (Heinemann.)
- "How to Write a Good Play," by Frank Archer. (Sampson Low and Co.)
- "Horsley Grange: A Sporting Story," by Guy Gravenhill. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "Walks, Talks, Travels, and Exploits of Two Schoolboys," a book for boys, by the Rev. J. C. Atkinson. New edition. (Macmillan.)
- "Light and Pence," sermons and addresses by Henry Robert Reynolds. Preachers of the Age. (Sampson Low.)
- "Madame de Staël," by Albert Sorel. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Russian Characteristics," by E. B. Lavin. (Chapman and Hall.)
- "Only Human," by John Strange Winter. Two vols. (F. V. White and Co.)
- "A Daughter's Heart," by Mrs. Levett Cameron (F. V. White and Co.)
- "Lays and Legends," by E. Nesbit. Second Series. (Longmans.)
- "In Silk Attire," by William Black. New edition. (Sampson Low and Co.)
- "Studies at Leisure," by W. L. Courtney (Chapman and Hall.)

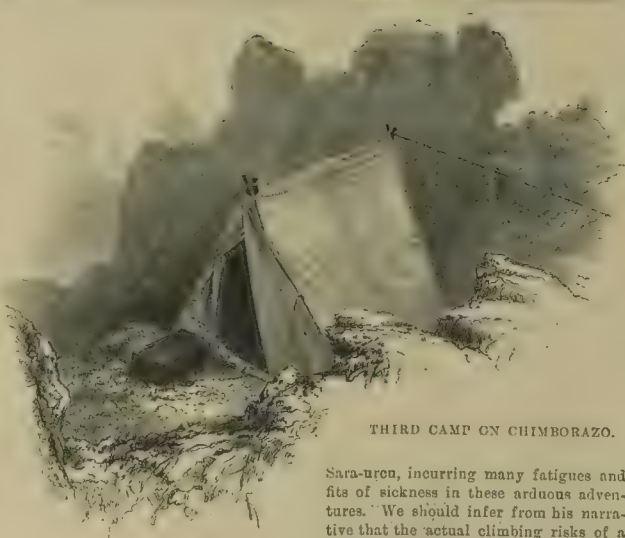
MR. EDWARD WHYMPER ON THE ANDES.

Travels among the Great Andes of the Equator. By Edward Whymper. (Murray.)—The high places of the earth have an abiding fascination; but "non enivis homini contingit adire," we will not say, the Himalayan or Andean summits, at an elevation over 20,000 ft., but even Mont Blanc and other

accurate observations have exploded some fallacies and current fables. The ordinary geographical story is that two parallel ranges form, with the intervening narrow space, a stupendous avenue, nearly 250 miles long, from south to north, with successive ranges on each side, and with numerous rivers flowing through the great valley, which rises to its watershed north of Cotopaxi, and thence inclines to Quito; its opposite, or southern, extremity opens below Chimborazo, and its entrance there is approached from the

town of Riobamba. But the truth of this description has long seemed doubtful, and we are positively informed by Mr. Whymper that there is no such regular and continuous sequence of mountains in two lines parallel to each other; it is only in one or two places that any linear sequence, or any parallelism between eastern and western ranges, could be observed. Imagination has contributed a good deal to books on these subjects by authors of great literary repute, among whom was the illustrious Baron Alexander von Humboldt, in his fascinating "Views" or "Aspects of Nature," repeating his erroneous account of Chimborazo. It was in June 1802 that Humboldt and Bonpland made their partial ascent, to the height, as he says, of 19,286 ft.; but Mr. Whymper, having passed many days on the mountain, finds that the place where Humboldt stopped, which was also the limit of Boussingault's ascent in 1831, is about 18,400 ft. above the sea-level. Humboldt's description, moreover, of what he saw there does not agree with

Mr. Whymper's observations. As for there being "no glaciers on Chimborazo," the upper part is covered with glacier. The summit, which was twice reached by Mr. Whymper from different sides, on January 4, having ascended from the south-west, and on July 3 from the north-west, has an altitude of 20,493 ft. We suppose this noted South American mountain has its match in the lately discovered Mount Ruwenzori, in Equatorial Africa, recently visited by Mr. Stanley and Lieutenant Stairs. Mr. Whymper's ascent of Cotopaxi, which is 19,613 ft. high, and is a still active tremendous volcano, with a crater 2300 ft. long and 1650 ft. wide, blowing out clouds of steam every half-hour, was performed in February 1880, and this is one of his most important achievements. He conquered also the summits of Antisana (19,335 ft.), Cayambe (19,186 ft.), Carilluairazo, Sincholagua, Cotacachi, Pichincha, Corazon, and

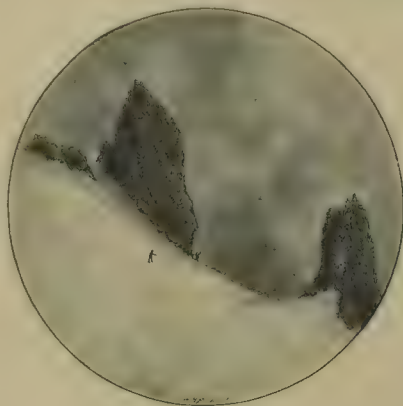


THIRD CAMP ON CHIMBORAZO.

Sara-ureu, incurring many fatigues and fits of sickness in these arduous adventures. We should infer from his narrative that the actual climbing risks of a fall off the rocks or into crevasses are much less frequent on the Andes than

on the Swiss Alps. His notes on the difficulty of breathing at high elevations, and on the depressing effect on vital functions, may be useful to physiologists, or pathologists. The general reader will be pleased with an account of personal efforts and experiences so modest in spirit and unaffectedly simple in its style. It makes us acquainted not only with the mountains of Ecuador, but also with some villages and towns, including the curiously sequestered city of Quito, and with some native pottery.

All the mountains described by Mr. Whymper, except Sara-ureu, are of volcanic origin; but Cotopaxi and Sangai



AIGUILLES ON CHIMBORAZO.

are the only volcanoes actively working at the present time. When he looked into the crater of Cotopaxi, its discharges of steam were not large; but he afterwards beheld, from a distance of sixty miles, from Cayambe to the north-northeast, in April, and on his second ascent of Chimborazo, in July, prodigious eruptions of Cotopaxi, with volumes of steam-cloud and of dust or ashes. The volume is furnished with good maps and many fine engravings, several of which we are allowed to borrow for our own pages this week.



"IT ROLLED OVER AND OVER DOWN THE SLOPE, AND DISAPPEARED."

Alpine domes or peaks, which used, within living memory, to be deemed a rare proof of courage and strength. The ascent, indeed, of some European mountains, in Switzerland and the Tyrol, with the less perfect equipment and the comparatively small knowledge of their conformation and of their meteorology that tourists commanded half a century ago, might seem more difficult than it now is to gain far superior altitudes in other regions of the globe. In one respect, however, that of the effect of an extremely rarefied atmosphere on the breathing and vital organism of the human body, the greatest height must ever present an increased difficulty; but the perils of ice and snow, and of crevasses on the glacier, or precipitous walls of rock to be climbed, may possibly be more frequent on certain lower mountains in a more changeable climate. The Alpine Club, therefore, as it possesses both the largest and most varied collection of personal experiences, and the most precise scientific acquaintance with the nature of rocks and "the forms of water," also the aerial phenomena, the vapours, the vicissitudes of temperature, and all the physical moods or processes to be studied by a skilful mountaineer, is entitled to supervise these undertakings in every part of the world. Mr. Edward Whymper is one of its most accomplished and distinguished members. His career as an "Excelsior" pedestrian hero—not to dwell on his early work as an artist and designer for wood-engraving—began some thirty years ago, when his ascent of Mont Pelvoux, followed by that of the Pointe des Écrins, in Dauphiné, excited general notice. In 1865 he was the companion and survivor of three unfortunate English gentlemen, who, after reaching the tremendous peak of the Matterhorn, were killed, with one guide, by the accidental breaking of a rope in their descent. His explorations of Greenland, in 1867 and in 1872, produced valuable additions to geographical and natural science.

We gladly accept, in this handsome new volume, though delayed until twelve years after the period of its narrative, a full and exact account of Mr. Whymper's very considerable performances in 1880, in the Spanish American Republic of Ecuador, which is situated on the western or Pacific Ocean side of South America, to the south of Colombia and north of Peru. Between Guayaquil, its seaport, and Quito, its capital city, which is situated not far from the equatorial line on ground 9500 ft. above the sea-level, the interior of this State contains many remarkable groups of the Northern Andes, interesting from their volcanic structure, and ranking above the loftiest mountains of Europe in mere height, though Chimborazo, the most celebrated, is not equal in this respect to some of those rising elsewhere, in South America and in Asia. Mr. Whymper's



"WE WERE THEN TWENTY THOUSAND FEET HIGH."

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Good in everything. The dreadful story from Cromore in Ireland, in connection with which Mrs. Montagu has been put upon her trial charged with cruelty to her children, has set many heads a-thinking that had need to think of what children are, and what the duties of parents and guardians. It happens that the first of these duties, after that which equally obliges us to send corn and fodder to the stable, is the one that is most neglected, or, when remembered, the most difficult to compass. Though we have all been children, most of us are strangers to our own little ones, which is sad, and they are strange to us, which is sadder still. There is nothing culpable in that unfortunate dispensation in either case; but it is the source of errors unsuspected, warpings unmarked, cruelties unknown to all but the sufferers and to them a mystery, in millions of households for thousands of miles round about Cromore.

But though we are none of us to blame for the veil that drops between childhood and maturity, yet we are to blame when we take no account of its existence, fail to see that it is there, and make no effort either of memory or imagination to comprehend the differences between the child and the man. And that is why the Cromore story will do good, in its own painful way. There is hardly a village in the three kingdoms where it has not been heard; and wherever it has been told it has inspired the same pitying reflections, which take some such shape as this: "Poor little thing! what must she have thought, felt, dreaded!" And then, of course, the fancy of cottager and countess conjures up the distractions of the child's mind—her wonder at her guilt, her wonder at her punishment, her rebellion, her terror, her bewilderment about mothers, governesses, and little children in that eternity of cold and darkness between 1 p.m. and 5 p.m. The good intention of the authors of this most pathetic tragedy is also considered; and when the intention is compared with its methods of fulfilment and its actual consequences, no one can miss the reflection that the best of mothers and the thought-fullest of fathers are capable of inflicting pain the most exquisite, most profitless and unchastening, from sheer oblivion of what childhood is. They have forgotten their own beginnings. They no longer know what a little child may be; or, sometimes from incapacity, sometimes through sheer neglect, spend no imagination on the recovery of what knowledge they once had. Therefore we may rejoice that the whole nation has been brought to think of these things, whatever else there be to grieve at.

It will be news to many, perhaps, that they are so changed from childhood as to be unconscious of the difference; or, if not exactly that, are but dimly and vaguely aware of the change. So it is, however, with most of us. For most of us have poor memories; our shallow minds are incapable of lasting impressions, and those that remain from the days of childhood are as blurred as the remembrance of a week-old dream. Actual incidents are often keenly remembered, and griefs and joys; but even these are recalled as if they were scenes and joys and sorrows in a life not our own. In essentials, and apart from "the vesture of this body," we have no continuous being. It would be rash to say that no John Smith who has come to three-score years has an abiding sense of identity with the Jack Smith of twenty and the Johnny Smith of ten; but few can boast of any such feeling. One in a hundred thousand, perhaps, and he more of a vegetable than the other ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine. We change altogether. We change so completely that when, being elderly men, we look back upon the creatures we were twenty years ago, thirty years ago, it is as if we recalled the memory of someone not ourselves; while as for the schoolboy, who belongs to a remoter past, we view him moving there with more of speculation than recognition. Maybe there is some difference between men and women in this matter, and I fancy there is. Boys and men are so little like, when the one are young and the other mature, that they might belong to distinct tribes. Boys are always conscious of the difference, accepting it as one of the plainest and most notorious of facts; while we who have passed through childhood to manhood, and should be able to tell, one would think, of connection and development, know nothing of either. We were, we are; but what we were we are not, and yet have no consciousness of how our being changed. Is it so with the other sex? Not quite, perhaps. It is a reasonable inference from observation that women do not lose the memory of girlhood as men lose the memory of boyhood. Possibly there is no such difference between girl and woman. There is no wrong in suspecting that the woman-child looks forward along the path of her more simple growth in a way that boys do not; and it seems, too, that girls who do that least are most like boys.

Yet it is safest to believe that there is no very wide difference between men and women in this particular. Both forget. Both are changed from what they were when they were little, and hardly know now what it is to be a child. Do not women acknowledge it with their own lips? Of all grown-up people, who but the young mother should be carried back into childhood and find herself at home there? Yet what amazes the young mother more than her own child? And who makes more surprising discoveries in the realm of infancy than she? When she talks of her little one, what is her theme but the "strangeness" of children—the wonderful working of their minds, their unexpected revelations of feeling, the impenetrable

world of their own that they live in? Here is proof that even they who are nearest to these little people are distant enough to be foreigners outright, and therefore likely to wound them—helpless as they are—by cruel misreadings and misunderstandings, by ignorant rebuke and malign punishment. Whosoever remembers anything of his childhood can recall some occasion when a whole night of tears could hardly assuage the pain unjustly though ignorantly inflicted by the dearest one of all. A word may have done it: a word flung out with no grave intent, but startling the recipient into a world of pain theretofore unknown. Yet the sufferer, when he grows up, will commit the same fault in mere forgetfulness and carelessness, or even do worse on some brutally stupid theory of training. Parents and guardians should look to it. Children are not imperfect little men and women, as they are commonly supposed to be by their elders. They are another kind of creatures altogether, and must so be considered and dealt with, if they are to be made both happy and good.

HER HIGHNESS SHAH JEHAN BEGUM,
RULER OF BHOPAL.

Her Highness Shah Jehan Begum is the daughter of the late Sikandar Begum, the last ruler of Bhopal, a remarkable woman in every sense of the word. She reigned during the Mutiny, and gave valuable help to the British Government, especially in assisting Sir Henry Durand and his party of fugitives in escaping from the Indore Residency. She was also a fierce, strong, and relentless woman, and kept her daughter, the present Begum, in a state of abject submission. Once, when her daughter met, at the house of a relative, a young man of the royal house of Delhi who was a suitor for her hand, she imprisoned her



THE BEGUM OF BHOPAL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN, K.C.S.I.

for months in her own room, and beat her with her own hand; while the unfortunate lover was confined in an iron cage hung at the gate of the fortress, and was only released after some months on the persistent remonstrances of the British political officials. The present Begum is now over fifty years of age, and, as will be seen by her portrait, very small in person, not taller than an ordinary English child of ten years of age; but she has inherited many of the qualities and much of the ability, as well as the strong will, of her mother; and her attempts at ruling her daughter with the severity with which she was ruled has created a breach between them, which has been widened by interested mischief-makers. Sir Lepel Griffin describes the Begum as "having a bright, pleasing face, possessed of great natural intelligence, a thorough master of Persian, and altogether, without exception, the ablest and most remarkable princess to-day in India. In conversation she is full of quickness and repartee, and it requires a very clever person to get the better of her in argument." In her youth she was full of fun, appreciated and laughed merrily at any witicism. Her subjects are Hindu, but her Highness is a Mohammedan, as are also most of the officials.

The state of Bhopal has been greatly improved. Fine buildings have been erected, roads widened, the condition of the ryots materially benefited, and a detailed code of rules and regulations has been framed for the levying of custom duties. Hospitals for females have been opened, and her Highness has contributed largely to the Marchioness of Dufferin's incomparable scheme for supplying medical aid to the women of India.

The Begum's only daughter, Sultan Jehan, married a young man of good family from the Afghan frontier, by whom she has had four children; the eldest, a girl, died a few years ago, to the great grief of her grandmother. The next two are boys, the eldest of whom is twelve. The Begum is very loyal, and warmly attached to the Queen-Emress, and has been decorated with the Grand Cross of the Star of India and with the Imperial Order of the Crown of India.

A THEATRICAL CAUSERIE.

Pierce Egan's "Life of an Actor" is one of a class of book which causes much tribulation to the dramatic collector. Its value as a theatrical document is of the very slightest, but its price as a marketable commodity is of the stiffest—Mr. Mansfield Mackenzie's copy sold for no less a sum than fourteen pounds! So the collector struggles against the temptation to buy so expensive a luxury, until one day it is borne in upon him irresistibly that no dramatic library is complete without it, and he recklessly plunges and buys. When the deed is done, with a sinking heart he bears his purchase home, doubting his wisdom and regretting his precipitation; but he ultimately salves his conscience with that reflection which has excused a thousand extravagances—namely, that it is a good "investment." In so far, then, as a new and very moderately priced edition of Pierce Egan's book removes a grievous temptation from the man of modest means, Messrs. Pickering and Chatto may claim to be benefactors to their species. But, if the purchasers of the book become readers of it also, there will probably be some difference of opinion on this point. "The Life of an Actor" is one of those books, which, though merely old-fashioned, seem more antiquated than others which are really old. Their quality of "old-fashionedness" places them at a strange distance from us. Manners, habits, styles, which are almost within our own recollection, seem centuries older than those which prevailed in the reign of the Merry Monarch; and the present-day reader of Pierce Egan finds more that is strange to him in the pages of that rollicking writer than he would discover in the writings of Colley Cibber or the columns of the *Tatler*.

No doubt much of this unfamiliarity arises from the vice of slang-writing, which was so prevalent among a certain class of scribes three-quarters of a century ago, and found its highest, or lowest, exponent in Pierce Egan, whose pages are full of irritating expressions. Such a phrase, for instance, as a "Mug-cutter," descriptive of a comedian addicted to grimacing, is little short of a moral outrage; and scarcely less aggravating are the numerous little bits of affected writing which affront us on every hand. "The dress of Eliza was profusely rich, yet she was always attired by the hand of taste." "The Comic Muse turns aside to hide a serious face and drop a tear at the retirement of so inimitable a performer." Then Egan's characters always "leave with precipitation"; if they cannot go back, they "are unable to retrograde": his heroines have "sylph-like forms," and rejoice in such titles as "the blue-eyed nymph of the mansion." But, with all its faults, the book has some interest for us as a fairly typical picture of an actor's career at the time when the star of Edmund Kean was in the ascendant, and the tone of our stage was "rough and ready" to a remarkable degree.

Simultaneously with the publication of Pierce Egan's book, a new edition of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's amusing account of his own theatrical experience enables us to contrast the pictures of the two periods. Strangely enough, there is a marked resemblance in many respects between the fancy account written sixty-five years ago and the actual record of to-day. Both Peregrine Proteus, for such is the name of Pierce Egan's hero, and Mr. Jerome had experience of the unscrupulous theatrical agent; both suffered from the manager who had conscientious scruples against paying anybody any salary; both underwent the privations of the strolling actor's life. Even in their more humorous adventures their experiences were not dissimilar, for to both occurred the accident of a premature raising of the curtain while the stage was being used as a dressing-room by the male members of the company. The contrast between Mr. Jerome's style of narration and that of Egan may be judged from their several comments on this little mishap. The latter talks of "the roars of laughter, the shouts and plaudits this untoward circumstance occasioned among the audience." Mr. Jerome scorns such expressions as "untoward circumstance," and writes of "the yell, the confusion, the wild stampede, the stage looking like the south bank of the Serpentine after 8 p.m., the rapid descent of the curtain, the enthusiastic delight of the audience. It was the greatest success we had during our stay."

Both these volumes are illustrated, but in very different style. Messrs. Pickering and Chatto have reproduced Theodore Lane's original coloured illustrations with great care and excellent effect, and their dashing theatrical style is in marked contrast to the feeble cuts which illustrate Mr. Jerome's book.

Another record of actual experiences which has just issued from the press is a life of an actor who has been dead five-and-twenty years, and whose memory is rapidly dying out. Gustavus Vaughan Brooke has at last found a biographer; a sympathetic, an enthusiastic, and a conscientiously accurate one. Mr. W. J. Lawrence has entered upon his task with a grim determination after facts, and a fine scorn for the imaginative bookmaking which has so often done duty for theatrical biography. Perhaps he is a little too fierce in his denunciations of previous biographers of his hero—he allows that his attitude towards them is "for the most part aggressive"—but his vigorous show-up of their deficiencies is often entertaining; that is, if one has not been so unfortunate as to write on the subject oneself. With a fine fervour, Mr. Lawrence exposes some of the "curiosities of histrionic tradition—green-room fungi, rotten to the touch, clustering round the root of a great name." But, after all, these "fungi" were scarcely worth raking up again, for most of us were quite ignorant of their existence, and would never have heard of them if Mr. Lawrence had not contradicted them. And assuredly the unvarnished tale of Brooke's life contains much that would almost excuse, as it would certainly account for, a plentiful crop of these "fungi." Born in Dublin in 1818, he made his first appearance in 1833 as a "Young Roscius." He served a long apprenticeship in the provinces, and in 1848 made his first appearance in London, playing Othello at the Olympic with great success. But he never got firm hold in the metropolis. Drink, or as Mr. Lawrence puts it, "the glamour which had thrown its terrible spells over George Frederick Cooke and Edmund Kean," was poor Brooke's ruin. In 1851 he paid a visit to America, where he made a great success, and in 1855 he began what proved to be a protracted connection with Australia. Here he was at first brilliantly successful; but evil days came. He returned to England in 1861, and in 1866, when going again to Australia, perished in the ill-fated London.

R. W. LOWE.



PALM SUNDAY.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

THE RIVAL CREWS.

Dr. Warre, the learned and athletic Head Master of Eton, has shown, in a brilliant sketch of the history of oarsmanship, how little we know that was not known to the Grecian oarsman more than two thousand years ago. If the Greeks had not the canvas "light ship," they had at least the bireme, where the zygite encouraged the thalamite; and the pith of the modern coach's invective is summed up in Charon's appeal to Dionysus to smite with a smiting stroke. The imaginative can even depict in the mind's eye the aquatic disputations between the scholastic children of Arcesilaus and the sons of the Platonism undefiled, which may have led to a dialect as full of technicality as the dialect of the oldest waterman in the oldest house at Putney. Aquatic history repeats itself, and the records of one year's training of the Varsity crews is much

as the history of any year since the nation first looked upon the great contest of the Blues and found it to be good.

It must be admitted somewhat readily, however, that the preparation of the Oxford and the Cambridge eights for the race which is to be rowed to-day has derived somewhat an unusual interest in an unusual way. That a boat-race should be remembered by the people as a remarkable event, and remembered for twelve months, is in itself a striking testimonium to the excellence of that encounter. There are few even among the day-amused children of the market-places who do not recollect the famous and never-to-be-forgotten

STRUGGLE OF 1891.

Even the gaitered sages of the umpire's boat, erstwhile only ready to admit the past excellence of themselves, came down from their pedestals of self to smile benignly and to bless. Greater eights there had been—faster eights, as the few think

who remember Mattlebury's all-invincible combination of '88 and '89; but even the historic excitement of the sport (has immortalised Pitman the elder was as nothing to the national love of a victory that is but a victory, and of a defeat to which none of the sorrows of defeat may be laid. From the bones of this twenty minutes of nerve tension is the body of the new interest built. If any truth ever came out of Putney, it is this truth, that the pessimist of the path has this year held his peace, has cried no more that the end of academic aquatic was at hand. The very sons of motley have beaten their drums more cheerily, and the beggars of the nutty lotteries have smiled more seductively in this sun of promise begotten of past. Putney, only under the shadow of the blue, has taken to the water. It will be a great year, a mighty race. They have said so up there at the schools since their trial eights were rowed; they

W. A. L. Fletcher.

V. Nickalls.

F. E. Robeson.

J. A. Ford.

D. H. McLean (coach).



H. B. Cotton (cox).

R. P. P. Rowe.

W. A. S. Hewett.

C. M. Pitman (stroke).

Photos by Hall and Saunders, Oxford.

J. P. Hayward (cox).

THE OXFORD CREW.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.



THE STEPS.



CHISWICK EYOT.

have promised us better sights than we have seen for years; the coaches themselves have said it, and the coaches do not lie. It is an epoch-making season, my masters—a season which shall be pencilled in history.

This general eulogy, the chill of expectation, did not, of course, influence the aquatic critic who turned some three weeks ago to analyse closely the eights which then appeared for the first time upon the waters of the tideway. He looked rather to comparisons, and the first thing which he did was to compare the Oxford boat and the Cambridge boat of the present year with the respective boats of last year. Here is

the list—made a week ago, be it noted—showing the exact weights of the old crews and the new, with the seats occupied by men who rowed last year, and the seats allotted to the "Blue" freshmen:—

OXFORD.			
1891 CREW.	st. lb.	1892 CREW.	st. lb.
W. M. Poole, Mag. (bow) ..	10 7½	H. B. Cotton, Mag. (bow) ..	9 13
R. P. P. Rowe, Magdalen ..	11 11	J. A. Fox, Brasenose ..	11 9½
V. Nickalls, Magdalen ..	12 9	W. A. Howett, University ..	12 1
Guy Nickalls, Magdalen ..	12 5	F. E. Robeson, Merton ..	13 9
B. Wilkinson, Brasenose ..	13 8	V. Nickalls, Magdalen ..	13 9
Lord Ampthill, New ..	13 5	W. A. L. Fletcher, Christ Ch. ..	13 8
W. A. L. Fletcher, Christ Ch. ..	13 5	R. P. P. Rowe, Magdalen ..	11 12
C. W. Ball, Brasenose (str.) ..	10 11	C. M. Parnall, New (stroke) ..	11 13
J. P. H. Lonsdale, New (cox) ..	8 6	J. P. H. Lonsdale, New (cox) ..	8 8

CAMBRIDGE.

1891 CREW.	st. lb.	1892 CREW.	st. lb.
J. W. Noble, Caius (bow) ..	11 6½	E. W. Lord, Trin. II. (bow) ..	10 12½
E. W. Lord, Trinity Hall ..	10 10½	R. G. Neill, Jesus ..	11 11½
G. G. Franchlyn (Third Trinity) ..	12 3	G. Franchlyn, Third Trinity ..	12 4
E. T. Fison, Corpus ..	12 7½	E. T. Fison, Corpus ..	12 10
W. Lonsdale, Trinity Hall ..	12 11	W. Lonsdale, Trinity Hall ..	12 13½
J. F. Rowland, Trinity Hall ..	11 12	G. G. Kerr, First Trinity ..	12 3½
C. T. Fogg Elliott, Trin. II. ..	11 4½	C. T. Fogg Elliott, Trin. II. ..	11 3½
G. Elin, Third Trinity (str.) ..	10 13	G. Elin, Third Trinity (str.) ..	10 11½
J. V. Baskin, Trin. II. (cox) ..	7 12	J. V. Baskin, Trin. II. (cox) ..	8 6

The consideration of these lists is instructive. Of the admittedly excellent and undoubtedly dogged Dark Blue Eight which, after a terrific struggle all the way, beat the

Light Blues by a bare half-length last year, but three men—Messrs. Rowe, Fletcher, and V. Nickalls—remain. The magnificent and lengthy Lord Ampthill has laid down the oar for good; the lusty and redoubtable sculling champion, the elder Mr. Nickalls—perhaps the strongest man that ever sat in a racing ship, if Mr. Muttelbury be excepted—leaves his brother to represent the family.

THE NEW STROKE

hails from Eton, and is a brother of the Mr. Pittman of Trinity College, Cambridge, who, with Goldie, will best



BARNES BRIDGE.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW EMBARKING FOR PRACTICE ON THE THAMES.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.



BULL'S HEAD HOTEL, BARNES.



HAMBLETON HOUSE, HEADQUARTERS OF THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

be remembered of all Cambridge strokes. Mr. Pitman has had a great record to face. There are great names in the list of the strokes of the past few years—the names of West and Kent and Higgins. There is the fresh tradition of the nine-stone man, who, backed by such a "six" and such a "seven" as Oxford has rarely looked upon, smiled at the hosts of Lambert and of Smith. There is the record of one West, who was mighty subtle and discerning, so that he overturned the money-changers, and upset the plumed expectation of his rival, Moore. There is the record of the dashing, brilliant, lasting, sparkling Kent, who never knew a beaten crew that did not quicken to his lead, who regarded not the probabilities nor shirked to face the seemingly impossible. Into Kent's seat does Mr. Pitman step. The traditions of his brother rendered his task the greater



THE DISTILLERY.

from the beginning; but from the beginning he has hardly failed to satisfy and to please. He has faults, but a three-weeks' practice upon the tideway has done much to mend them. He is not always sure of his finish, and his oar sometimes is not allowed to row itself out. He has also a slight love for that personal war with the elements which leads him, and those who follow, to smite with the smiting stroke loved by Charon aforesaid. Like his brother, he is not absolutely a taking oarsman to look at, but, this much said, there remains but eulogy. He has proved himself an admirable stayer. Fighting the rough water above Hammersmith last week, he quickened exactly at the right times, slowed to meet the gale, took advantage of every inch of smooth water in a manner that promises well for him today. If he would only use his legs more at the end of the stroke, and leave the oar to

E. W. Lord (bow).

R. G. Neill.

W. Landale.

G. C. Kent.



C. T. Breech-John.

F. T. Fenn.

G. Ellis (stroke).

J. V. Braddon (cox).

G. Franklyn.

Photo by Russell and Sons

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.

row itself out, he would be as good a leader as his men could wish. But the fault is chronic, and, though remedied somewhat since at Putney, the "wash-out" of the blades all through the eight holds the ship between the strokes, and is

THE GREATEST DANGER WHICH THE DARK BLUES HAVE TO FEAR.

Yet they well know that, come the need for pluck, the need for judgment, the need for prolonged life and frequent quickening, the man who leads them will not be wanting, and will belie in nothing the tradition of the

The second change to be noted in the Oxford Eight of the year is that Mr. R. P. P. Rowe, of Magdalen, has come from his place at No. 2 to a chief seat. He is rowing slightly under his proper weight at the time of writing, but he is undoubtedly the pick of the two crews, and as a time-keeper—a vital quality in a "seven"—he is all admirable. He is one of the least of the sinners in the matter of washing out the blade, and he rows with as much length as "stroke" will let him, while his personal strength is enormous, and his body-form very pleasing. This is his fourth year as a Varsity oarsman, he having won two of the three races which he has taken part in; and the position of "seven" suits him better than the thwart at "two," where he was found last year, or the thwart at "six" where he was beaten three years ago. He is very ably backed up in his work by Mr. Fletcher, who has already rowed twice for the Varsity, who stroked the victorious Christ Church Four last November, who rowed a magnificent race with Mr. Wilkinson for the "Silver Goblets" at Henley last year, and who is a very strong and useful "six." Mr. V. Nickalls, of Magdalen, the No. 5 of this crew, is a worthy Etonian who rowed for Oxford last year, and who has been helped considerably in his career by the great traditions of his brother, whose name will go down for all time as that of one of the greatest aquatic children of a great rowing school. The younger brother has in many ways followed the path which the elder trod. He has won the "Diamonds" at Henley, stroked the winning "pair" for the University Pair Oars, and has carried off the University sculls. He is not a strikingly neat performer, but he has enormous strength, and it may be taken as a matter of course that whoever may cry "Hold, enough!" in either crew it will not be the Dark Blue at No. 5.

If the Oxford Eight is weak in any members of the crew, it is weak in the bows. Mr. E. E. Robeson, of Merton, who rowed No. 6 behind Mr. Pitman in the trial eights of December, is a useful, slightly clumsy, but sufficiently heavy "four";

pairs, and was bow in the winning "trial" last year. The plain-spoken critic has noticed that he lacks the condition of some of the other members of the crew, and that he was dreadfully "baked" after Oxford's hard row on Tuesday in last week. This he may take as a compliment, for the man who is not "baked" by a tideway course is, *ipso facto*, a "sugarer," and has not paid his passage-money. He may also congratulate himself upon the fact that he is to be numbered among those



LYRIC CLUB, HEADQUARTERS OF THE OXFORD CREW.

boys who do not swing out of the boat persistently, and that as an honest but not as yet an all-skilled workman he may give place to none. If we turn to the Cambridge Eight, we find that in the matter of veterans they are better off than their rivals. They have six old "Blues," and the two newcomers are very striking oarsmen. Mr. Elin, at stroke, has been the most severely criticised man in the country for the past month, and it is impossible not to admit that the time

and Mr. Mattlebury shed tears upon the launch. For many days it seemed that this fault would be the undoing of the Light Blues. When they came to Putney the aged wisacerrs and confirmed know-nothings shook their heads together and prophesied evil.

THE FIRST EFFORTS OF THE CANTABS on the tideway were poor, clumsy, very ill-looking, but never altogether ineffective. It is due

to Mr. Mattlebury, who has nursed his crew with a care above praise, that Mr. Elin has rid himself partly of this fault, which many attribute to the inordinate love of a slow stroke which continues to keep the crew's first coach, Mr. Moore, from the first rank of coaches of the decade. One thing the Light Blues may certainly rely on to-day, and that is the pluck of their leader, who, in the wearing struggle of last year and of 1890, in the Third Trinity eight many a time, and in his successful race for the Colquhouns has proved that he has dash enough and stay enough for any task to which he may set his hand.

The stroke of the Light Blues is well backed up by Mr. C. T. Fogg-Elliott, of the "Hall," who rowed "seven" in last year's eight, who has twice stroked the victorious "Hall" four and the "Head" of the Cam, and who is the "seven" for this race. He is a neat, pleasing oarsman, a little inclined to follow stroke in cutting the finish, and often a little late in body swing; but he is better at "seven" than at "two," where he was originally placed, and since he has occupied that seat the eight has travelled better. Behind him, at "six," is a stranger to the honours of the "blue," Mr. G. C. Kerr, of First Trinity, who at Cambridge last year carried off the Varsity Pairs with Mr. Branson, and also won the Colquhouns. He is a typical heavy man, a little floundering, prodigiously strong, inclined to wave his blade in the air like the arm of a semaphore, but the work that he does is enormous; he is a very marvel in the excellent use of leg-power, and his blade reminds one a little of the blade of the great Fairbairn. In this respect the veteran No. 5—Mr. W. Landale, of the "Hall"—is a worthy imitator, and every ounce of his thirteen stone is used to advantage. Mr. Eison, of Corpus, who has rowed twice in the Varsity Eight ere this—will never be a pretty "oar" to look at, but the value of his work is undisputed. Mr. Franklyn, at "three," is, perhaps, the stylist of the eight. Some have quarrelled with him on this very score, but he is most indubitably an ornament to the boat, and embodies all that Dr. Warre teaches *ad rem elegantem* in a way that almost saves the reputation of the ship from the charge of mal-appearance and slovenliness. Mr. Lord, the Australian, who rowed No. 2 last year, takes Mr. Noble's place at bow this year. He is not as finished a headpiece as his predecessor, who was one of the best light-weights after Gridley the Cantabs have possessed, but he has plenty of pluck, as has Mr. Neill, of Jesus, who has done something in the past year to save the decaying reputation of the once invincible black and red, but who has a bad habit

while both Mr. Hewett, of University, and Mr. Ford, of Brasenose, have the fault of letting the leg-work go at the end of the stroke, and so of failing to keep the blade covered as long as it should be covered. But Mr. Ford, as No. 2 of the truly exemplary Leander eight which won the Grand Challenge last year, has demonstrated sufficiently that he has pluck and staying power, and his record for Brasenose, the "heul" boat on the Isis for 1889, 1890, and 1891, is a sufficient warranty for his appearance. Mr. Cotton has won the Varsity

was when he deserved it. In the earlier days of the Light Blue practice, especially in the weeks at Cookham, he was rowing woefully short. Having to set the time to a number of heavy men behind him, he gave those heavy men—to whom finish is the very staple of being—no opportunity to let their leg-work row their blades out of the water. The result was disastrous—a rough-and-tumble to get forward, a wild irregularity of the blades in the air—which is of little moment, however—and a general want of time, which made Mr. Moore

of raising his slide and who does not take care to keep his eight the members of those whom elegance in style is the very vanity of an eight.

A word for the "coxes" concludes the notice of the crews. Mr. Lonsdale has already coxed the Oxford Eight three times. Mr. Braddon coxed for Cambridge last year. If there has been nothing remarkable about their performances, it is indicated that both of them are above the average, and that, knowing every feeling of the course, they are altogether to be relied upon.



INTERESTED SPECTATORS.

PICTURESQUE ASPECTS OF THE EAST-END.

III.

The pilgrim who would visit the worlds due east of White-chapel should mount a blue tramcar at Mile-End Gate. He will cast a glance at the old toll-house—now a tavern—standing out from the main line—"an island off a reef of houses"—and will then look forward along the magnificent width



THE GREEN, STRATFORD.

of the great eastern highway. Presently the white light-house tower of the People's Palace rises on his left. By night, when darkness veils the building, and twinkling lamps impart an air of festive animation, the People's Palace has a certain charm; but by daylight it appears but a chilly edifice, with an air of being manufactured in *carton pierre*. Behind it lies spread out a green space besprinkled with white stones, one of the half-dozen Jewish burying-grounds of this region. Between this and Canal Road there are still bits of green field behind the line of houses, but a big notice-board faces the road with a warning legend about excellent building land, and before long, no doubt, it will be the dead Jews alone who will preserve for us any open space.

A bridge carries the Mile-End Road over the Regent's Park Canal, and just below, on the south, another bridge spans it, and shows its round dark arch reflected in the water. The canal itself has the varying range of expression belonging to even the dullest of water-courses. On the keen autumnal day when I saw it last, it was sparkling and twinkling and reflecting the clear blue of the sky in a most exhilarating manner. November, reputed to be the month of blackest fogs, is also, at its best, the month of clearest air. With an east wind of a resolute but not too virulent type sweeping up from Essex, and with a cloudless pale-blue sky overhead, the air here in Mile-End has a strange touch of Alpine briskness. The pavements are as white as a new-scrubbed door-step; the pale-green tarpaulin of an approaching hay-cart puts on an Italian vividness of tone, and, as the horse of the vehicle in front steps aside, obedient to the tram whistle, its upturned horse-shoes shine in the sun like polished pewter. The river of traffic, widening into two branches, encloses Bow Church on an island between them, and the blackened bronze statue of Mr. Gladstone stands in front, and with an affably extended right hand indicates to all approaching trams and omnibuses their proper course. The church and the dwellings round it retain their air of separate town life. They are the church and houses of Bow, when Bow was not London. Many of the houses are solid and old-fashioned, and they have the variety of those earlier days when the house, and not the street, was the unit of architecture. The church itself is worthy of its fine position, and even the average East-End, who does not, as he himself would say, "take much stock in" churches, and whose artistic perceptions are not keen, feels vaguely that he has something to be proud of in Bow Church, apart from its far-famed chimneys.

Between Bow and Stratford the road crosses several little bridges, and the traveller gains glimpses of many narrow waterways fringed with irregular sheds and posts and landing-stages, and of groves of factory chimneys behind them. Stratford must have contained not long since a great number

of quaint old houses, but they are disappearing fast and giving place to rows of mean little putty-coloured villas, whose aspect affords but one gleam of satisfaction in the thought that, at least, they are not built well enough to afflict the world through more than one generation. Still, there are remnants of better things. The Stratford end of Romford Road and "the Green" still look like illustrations in a Caldecott picture-book. The Romford Road has one of the finest wrought-iron gates, with its bell hanging—a temptation to every passing boy—in an open cage above it, which I have seen anywhere in or near London; and the house on "the Green," which now serves as headquarters for a Volunteer corps, is one to tempt people of taste to a breach of the Tenth Commandment.

In a humbler style, but still picturesque, are the wooden cottages, with red-tiled roofs, that linger in side turnings. Turnpike Court, for instance, entered through an archway with a wooden wicket from Stratford High Street, contains a single row of little dwellings, that seem to have strayed out of a remote village. Their gardens have been curtailed; their pump has been truncated, and its long arm replaced by a knob; but their rustic air remains, and will remain until they are "improved" away for ever. Standing here and looking up at the back of an old house in the High Street, it is difficult to believe that this little nook belongs to a Metropolitan Parliamentary borough, and lies within the London Postal District.

South-east of Stratford lies West Ham, a new district, covered with little hideous slate-roofed houses of stucco and pale brick. Row follows row, all dreary, all mean, and all offering by way of sole virtue clear evidences of their incapacity to survive a hundred years and disgrace us in the eyes of our successors. In Plaistow, south and east, a few relics still linger of better things. In Greengate Street we may meditate upon a splendid bit of old brick wall, from which almost every fragment of mortar has fallen away, and whose top is fringed with grass. This wall belonged to Essex House, and Essex House belonged to Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex. A fine old iron gate, surmounted by a coronet, now stands at the entrance to modern "Essex Lodge," and those persons who do not care to go so far to see it may view its effigy in a sixpenny pamphlet on "Old Plaistow," which is to be purchased in Balaam Street. On almost every page of this tract may be found an illustration of some old house "pulled down in—" some year within the last ten. Balaam Street retains a few survivors; one, "about



OLD GATEWAY, ROMFORD ROAD.

to be pulled down," and said to have been lived in by Benjamin West, possesses a unique window. The house-front is flat and regular; two top windows are flat and regular to match; the third—of the same pattern—is thrust forward, perhaps a foot and a half. The exterior effect is charming, and probably the interior is even more agreeable. A modern architect might take a hint from the print in "Old Plaistow."

Let us turn back from the breezes of Stratford and Plaistow to the more enclosed region of St. George's-in-the-East. The old churchyard of St. George's has been joined in amity to the burying-ground of its neighbour the Wesleyan chapel, and the two together form a recreation-ground pleasantly irregular in shape, shady with trees and bright with trim flower-beds. This friendly expanse is overlooked by some old houses with

red-tiled roofs, and by another building of some size and pretension. This is the new school belonging to a local charity. Let us look at it attentively, for it is almost unique. It is, with the exception of one block of dwellings in Wentworth Street and two rows of dwellings in Cowley Street, the only building, to my knowledge, in the East-End which is at once recent and satisfactory to the artistic sense. The picturesque spots of the east are not so few as the West-End imagines; but, alas! they are all old, their number decreases yearly, and we are setting in their places nothing worthy to succeed them.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The twentieth annual report (supplement) of the Local Government Board for 1890-1, containing Dr. Buchanan's annual report, has just reached me, and a very interesting collection of sanitary and scientific details the volume turns out to be. I have often thought that if details of this nature could be popularised, and laid prominently and plainly before the people, an immense amount of most valuable instruction in health matters and in the art of disease-prevention would be thereby afforded. True, there is a great deal of popular health-teaching being now carried on over the length and breadth of the land. County Councils are bestirring themselves in this direction; ambulance societies are instructing people in the principles of "first aid" to the injured; courses of lectures are given year by year on sanitation and physiology; and the literature of the subject grows and increases daily. There is need of yet more instruction in sanitary principles, and the Local Government Board's report for 1890-91 is really, like its predecessors, a text-book full of most admirable lessons in disease, prevention for anyone who will take the trouble to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" them.

Personally, I have been most interested in the report given by Dr. Ballard on cases of "Food Poisoning"—that is, cases in which serious illness or death has resulted from the partaking of "infected articles of flesh food." How infected, remains pretty much of a mystery in more than one case, but we may not be far wrong if we assume that the ubiquitous germ, as before, is at the bottom of the mischief. Dr. Ballard tells us that in ten out of fourteen cases the meat which gave rise to the symptoms was pig's meat of one kind or another. Then there was one case each in which veal, beef, butcher's meat (kind unstated), and tinned salmon, respectively, gave origin to serious symptoms. The tinned salmon case is easily explained. It was a "blown" or imperfect tin, to which air had access, which caused the illness. The salmon was in a germ-laden, decomposed state before it was eaten; little wonder, therefore, that it produced the severe and fatal symptoms which resulted from its use. But as regards the pig, that animal seems to stand in a certain unenviable relationship to meat-poisoning cases as a cause of symptoms. Not that there is anything injurious in pork or ham *per se*. What renders pig's meat or beef injurious is the chemical products produced therein by the growth and multiplication of a specific germ or germs, and all that can at present be said on this subject is that the germs seem to exhibit a greater affinity for the soil afforded by pig's meat than for that presented by other kinds of flesh.

Dr. Ballard, however, gives us one hint of exceeding value in this matter of poisonous meats. In almost every instance—indeed, in all save one—the poisonous food had been kept, for some time after its cooking and preparation. Note the significance of this fact. It means that in the interval between the cooking and the consuming of the food there took place the process of germ-infection, and the development of the special properties which act on man with such dire effect. If we ask further why meat should thus be liable to become tainted and injurious, the answer is found in the remark that bad surroundings cause or favour the infection with germs. Dr. Ballard puts it as "uncleanliness of air, of soil, or of surface." And the conclusion of the whole matter is a warning to see that everything in the way of food, from milk to ham, is kept in an airy, and above all a cleanly, place, far removed from damp, ground-air, drains, and the like. Dr. Ballard's words are emphatic because they are so true. "Kitchens, and, above all, pantries and places where food is stored in hotels, public refreshment-rooms, or pastry-cooks' premises, and in private houses, should be similarly (that is, kept thoroughly clean and well aired) cared for. It should be held to be part of the business of conservators of public health," Dr. Ballard adds, "to see that these rules are observed, as well as the business of every master or mistress of a family." "Ladies, look to your larders and cellars, and to the place where the milk is stored," is by no means an inappropriate piece of advice now the warm weather is (I hope) fast coming upon us.

I have often been asked, if tainted ham or tainted beef may poison or kill us, why is it that after eating "high" game or venison people are not affected in a similar fashion? I reply that sometimes people who eat putrid game *do* suffer. If they do not experience any ill effects after their meal of decomposing bird or deer, I think I can still explain the reason of their escape. The cause of meat-poisoning, as Dr. Ballard puts it, is a specific germ (or germs) or the products in the way of poisonous matters the germ throws out as the result of its growth and multiplication. Unless you find this germ and its products in meat, you do not get your symptoms after eating it. Ordinary decomposing, or "high" game, although, doubtless, the seat of much germ growth and of the putrefactive processes which result therefrom, does not necessarily include the specific germ which gives rise to meat-poisoning. The germs which are swallowed half-cooked when a "high" bird is eaten are, happily, not of the kind which develop ultra-poisonous products. The stomach is able to conquer and kill these milder germs by means of its gastric juice—so many things are scotched, so to speak, in the course of the digestive process. Our danger is that we never know when the specific germ may attack our cooked meat: for it seems to be cooked or preserved meat (and especially gelatine-coverings and the like) which forms the favourite soil of this wicked microbe. Perhaps our "high" game escapes, because it is not first cooked and then kept; but we end as we began, by saying that in excessive cleanliness of surroundings, here as elsewhere, is our only hope of safety. All the same, if a man who likes old cheese—cheese, I mean, of ancient type with an odour that is appalling to the ordinary nose—only knew the amount of bacteria, fungi, and the like he is swallowing, he might well have cause to bless the germ-killing powers of his gastric juice, in that he is saved thereby from much possible trouble and vexation in the way of food-poisoning.

Is the old tradition about the mistletoe injuring the tree on which it grows destined to be relegated to the limbo reserved for obsolete notions? Professor Bonnier, of Paris, alleges that the mistletoe lives on perfectly friendly terms with the host, or tree, to which it attaches itself. If this is so, then the case, in place of being one of parasitism pure and simple, will appear before us as one of association for mutual benefit—symbiosis, as the scientists put it. It seems that there is a kind of reciprocity between the oak or apple and the mistletoe. In winter, the latter is believed actually to give up its substance to feed its host, while in summer-time the host, by way of return, feeds the mistletoe. Science may destroy a venerable idea, it is true, but in this case, at least, it replaces the old view of parasitism by what appears to me to be an infinitely more charming idea—that of mutual helpfulness and aid.



BOW CHURCH.



SOME VARIETIES OF THE MODERN PIGEON.

SEE NEXT PAGE

PIGEONS.

To those who have not considered the subject from a scientific point of view, it would appear almost incredible that all the numerous varieties of fancy pigeons, varying as much as they do in size, form, and colour, should be descended from one wild original; yet, if one fact more clearly than another is made out in the history of our domestic animals, it is that the common blue rock pigeon, a native of the most inaccessible part of our coasts, is the progenitor of every species of fancy pigeon. The late Mr. Charles Darwin, in his large work on variation in animals and plants, fully demonstrated the fact that no other bird could have had any share in the origin of our domestic pigeon, and he showed by a series of experiments, in which I had the pleasure of assisting him, that by mating together the most extreme varieties, however dissimilar in form and colour, they would, after a few generations, revert more or less completely to their ancestral type, and show the blue colour and black-barred wings of the blue rock.

My acquaintance with Mr. Darwin commenced at a pigeon-show held many years since in the great room at Freemasons' Hall, when Mr. Yarrell, the well-known ornithologist, who had known me as a boy, introduced me to a stranger, saying, "Oh, Mr. Darwin, here's Tegetmeier; he will tell you what you want to know." Our introduction resulted in an acquaintance which endured during the lifetime of the great naturalist, who availed himself of the very considerable collection of specimens that I had made, illustrative of the variations that occur in domestic birds.

The rock dove, the *Columba livia* of naturalists, is a bird that is very generally distributed over a great part of the world; in Europe it is usually found inhabiting the coasts, where it can find the shelter of deep caves; in Palestine it is abundant on the coast; in North Africa it is commonly found; it also occurs in the Azores, Madeira, St. Helena, and other African islands; in Asia, it is found in Persia and India in large flocks, in holes in wells and large buildings. In Ceylon it is so numerous that there is an island called Pigeon Island. There is little doubt of the identity of the species that inhabits these different localities, although there are slight variations in colour, the Asiatic species being without the white on the back which distinguishes our European race. This wild bird is one of the few animals that admit of being domesticated or attached to the homes of men. Many wild animals can be tamed, but their offspring revert again to a wild condition; some few, on the other hand, become attached to man, and remain with him as domesticated animals. Of these, the rock dove, or pigeon, is one of the most remarkable. As it has been readily domesticated, from the influence of the new surroundings, and from the care of man in breeding from any special variation that might have made its appearance, a number of varieties have been produced. Many of these are shown in our drawing. The English fanciers, up to a very recent period, essayed to breed pigeons with marked difference in form, and they devoted their attention chiefly to what they termed high-class varieties. Of these, the principal were short-faced tumblers, fancy carriers, and pouters. The aim in the first breed was to produce an exceedingly diminutive bird with a very short beak, globular head, and a peculiar arrangement of the colours, which in the choicest specimens, termed almond tumblers, were chiefly black and yellow. In the breed known as fancy carrier size, on the other hand, was desired, with great length of beak, length of neck, and length of limb; whilst the ring of white skin which surrounds the eyes and that which covers the nostrils were enormously developed, so as to produce what are termed the wattles of the carrier. In the pouter, on the other hand, another development was aimed at. The pigeon naturally has a tendency to blow out the upper part of the gullet and the crop, inflating them with air as it coos to its mate. This tendency was seized upon by the fancier, who bred from the pigeons that showed this to the greatest extent, and so gradually succeeded in producing a breed in which the crop could be inflated so as to equal in size the whole of the rest of the body, and in this way was produced the pouter, or cropper. It is a remarkable illustration of the variable condition of animal structures that out of the same wild original can be produced the long, thin, narrow-necked carrier and the pouter with its crop double the girth of its body. In both these breeds the limbs and feathers are long. This depends upon a fact that was demonstrated by Darwin, that there is a co-relation between the lengths of the different parts, and that it would be impracticable to breed a bird with a long neck and short limbs, or the converse.

Until pigeon-keeping became, I may say, fashionable, the tumblers, the carriers, and the pouters were the most valued breeds of the British fancier; all the other varieties at that time were included in the somewhat contemptuous term of "toys." About fifty years ago several German breeds came to the front. These were more remarkable for the distribution in the colours in the plumage. Some, like those now termed "magpies," had coloured bodies and white wings; others, like those now known as "swallows," had dark wings and light bodies. The "nuns" had dark heads covered with a turned crown. Then there were numerous birds known as German "toys," in which all kinds of patterns were produced by careful breeding. Every country, in fact, had its own modifications, requiring careful breeding to produce. From Russia came birds called "trumpeters," from the conspicuous character of their coo, distinguished by tufts of feathers on their crowns, so large as entirely to conceal the head, the eyes, and the beak, and also characterised by the legs and feet being covered with feathers. As in many other cases, the geographical names given to birds were incorrect; there is a breed with a wonderful metallic sheen upon the feathers, which, absurdly enough, are called "Archangels," although there is no doubt they did not come from that locality. In fact, when geographical names are given to animals it usually happens that the name selected is that of the place whence they were last brought; hence the absurd errors which usually characterise the names of races. Our Cochins China fowls do not come from Cochin, but from Shanghai, a place hundreds of miles away; our little black ducks have received three names—Buenos Ayres, East Indian, and Labrador—a safe proof, if any were wanted, of the absurdity of geographical names as applied to animals, the truth being that they are merely varieties of our own wild duck.

In India the blue rock has been domesticated and carefully bred for thousands of years, and some very remarkable products have been the result of the care exercised in selection by the Oriental fancier. Some of the best of our fanfals—the breed in which the number of feathers in the tail is increased to thirty or even forty—came from India; and to show the care which has been bestowed upon the bird there, I may state that there are varieties in which the two sides of the bird are of different colours. In North Africa a very remarkable breed exists, termed the booz pigeon, characterised by its extremely small size, excessively short beak and round head; these are now known in England under the title of African owls. Previous to their introduction, a breed termed owls, or the owl-pigeon, had existed in England; it was so called from the shortness of its beak, bearing some resemblance to the

bird from which its name is derived. A breed that is very much like the owl is known as the turbit, which, even as late as fifty years ago, had a totally different form, being bred with a flat skull, and termed frog-headed; fashion, however, has altered, and the modern turbit has assumed the short head and short beak which characterises the owl. The same singular formation has also been introduced into the breed which in this country is called the Antwerp, a bird almost unknown in the city whence it takes its name.

Some varieties of pigeons are valued for the strange distribution and arrangement of the feathers. Among the most remarkable of these are the Jacobins, in which the feathers of the sides and back of the neck form a kind of hood, which, when the bird is at rest, almost entirely conceals the head; the origin of the name here is evident as having been suggested by the hood or cowl of a Jacobin monk.

The instinct of the pigeon to return to its home is very remarkable. It exists in the wild bird, or blue rock, and has, by careful selection, been greatly developed and even increased in certain domesticated breeds. But the varieties that are now termed carriers by the fanciers are not worthy of the title; they are more fancy breeds, bred for show points and exhibition purposes, the most valuable specimens never being trusted out of the aviaries in which they are reared. The true messenger-pigeons are now termed "homers," or in Belgium, where the breed originated, *voysageur* pigeons; these are not reared to be any special colour, but are selected solely for their powers of flight and their ability to return home long distances. The process of selection is one of a ruthless character; the young birds are trained by gradually increasing distances up to as far as a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles during their first year, when those that are not good homers are lost, and the best only return home and propagate their species. In this way a race of birds has been obtained that can be depended upon for returning from immense distances. Flights have taken place from Rome to Brussels, and races are now flown from France to England. The utility of the homing pigeons during the siege of Paris in the Franco-German War is well known. The birds were sent out in balloons, and carried intelligence back to the city, in spite of all the efforts of the besiegers to intercept them. This performance demonstrated the utility of homing pigeons during war, and the Governments of France, Germany, and Italy have establishments of homers that will convey messages back to the fortress or place where their services are required.

W. B. TEGETMEIER.

BOOKS ON SIBERIA.

Siberia and the Exile System. By George Kennan. Two vols. (J. R. Osgood, McIlwaine, and Co.)—So many pages of our own journal, during more than a twelvemonth past, have been filled with views and descriptions of Siberia by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius Price, that we must not dwell long on Mr. George Kennan's minute investigations so long ago as 1885 and 1886, which appeared first in the New York *Century Magazine*, subsequently in this book, now come to its second edition. Its merits as an exact report of all that he saw with his own eyes of the state of the Russian prisons in the vast Asiatic territory at that period, though he differed greatly in his general opinions concerning their management from the views of an equally trustworthy reporter in 1879, the Rev. Henry Lansdell, were not denied. Rather less confidence may be placed in those parts of his book which consist of stories told him by Russian political exiles, whose associates, the refugees in Paris and other cities of Europe and America, bitterly hostile to their Emperor's Government, have spared no pains to diffuse horrifying tales of the system. Without entering farther into a controversy which might never have excited much popular interest but for the notoriety of some works of fiction, it is expedient to remove, on statistical grounds recognised by Mr. George Kennan himself, a common misconception about the real character of transportation to Siberia. We learn from official records which he regards as "accurate and careful" that the average number of political exiles sent by order of the Executive Government is only 125 annually; and their condition and treatment are entirely different from the ordinary lot of prisoners. The whole number of people transported from Russia in a year is about 16,000 or 17,000, of whom above 4000 are ordinary criminals or prisoners undergoing judicial sentence. As many more are banished from the village communes as troublesome vagrants, incorable drunkards, idlers, or petty thieves, or for persistently refusing to maintain their families, being made compulsory emigrants by order of the Mir, or communal council; while between 5000 and 6000 are voluntary exiles, wives and children, or other kindred, choosing to go with the husbands and fathers at Government expense. However we may, as free Englishmen, disapprove of arbitrary arrests and the summary banishment of suspected political conspirators or revolutionary agitators, it is manifest that not a hundredth part of the Siberian transports belong to that class. Mr. George Kennan nowhere actually saw a political exile treated with bodily cruelty; nor has any such thing been witnessed by any English, French, or other recent traveller in Siberia.

Siberia As It Is. By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S. (Chapman and Hall.)—The author of two preceding books of travel in Asia, "From Peking to Calais by Land" and "A Ride to India," set forth in July 1890 on a tour in Western Siberia, prompted in some degree by his particular desire to ascertain the facts in dispute with Mr. George Kennan with respect to the Peresilni, or forwarding prisons, at Tiumen and Tomsk, where most of the Russian criminal convict prisoners, and the other exiles to Siberia, are usually detained previously to their long journey towards the eastern provinces. We have compared their statements, and find no reason to impugn the personal veracity of either writer. But whereas the American special correspondent was inclined to believe every story he gathered from the political enemies of the Russian Government, apart from his own observation, Mr. de Windt has accepted the colouring spectacles of Madame de Novikoff, a very clever Russian lady in London, the professedologist of that empire, who furnishes a preface to his book. Desiring, for our own part, to form a reasonably fair judgment of the truth, and bearing in mind the impartial testimonies of several other recent travellers in Siberia, who have inspected many prisons, we believe that the system, both in the "forwarding" arrangements, by the Obi and Irtysh rivers to Tomsk, and in the regulation of the penal establishments, has been considerably improved within the past six years. At Tomsk especially the defective accommodation, exposed by Mr. George Kennan, has been superseded by much better conditions in the Peresilni—not the Gubernskii, or local permanent jail, with which it was confounded in the discussion; but the Tiumen forwarding prison is still in a bad state from overcrowding. It appears that this is mainly due to a congestion in the summer transport service, occasioned by the large number of people who must be reckoned as compulsory emigrants, rather than convicts, being expelled from their native districts in European Russia, as idle and worthless vagabonds, by the local municipal authorities.

THEOSPOOFY.

It is written in some book of reminiscences, which we entirely refuse to identify by research, that certain humorists, including—at that time—Mr. Barnard, once resolved to play a practical joke on a too intrusive stranger. They engaged in a mysterious game of cards which they styled *Bolo* or *Cachorka* (names of mystic sound), wherein one man had three cards, another four, another eleven; while the third of clubs captured the ten of spades, and was in its turn captured by the two of hearts, and the side that took the trick lost the money. The intrusive stranger, looking on open-mouthed, was told that this was the new game, and was dismissed to the hopeless task of finding its laws in some esoteric Hoyle of the future.

This trivial tale has been recalled to our mind by reading the latest number of *Lucifer*, the Theosophical monthly, founded by the late H. P. B., and edited by Mrs. Annie Besant. Nobody in the Theosophical Society is responsible for the opinions of anybody else; everybody may profess what religion he likes, so long as he tolerates other people's religions—for Theosophy, it seems, is not a dye—we mean a religion, but a sort of universal soul-restorer. Nay, all and each may write for *Lucifer*, provided their communications contain a sufficient element of universality, whatever that may mean. From an examination of the columns of *Lucifer*, we should incline to think that the laws of the new game of Theospoofy are like those of *Bolo* or *Cachorka*, and that each Theospoofy can lay before the others his peculiar quantum of high-sounding nonsense, to be by them received in solemn faith and reverence, on the condition that he observes a similarly receptive attitude towards their revelations. Not that we would impute for a moment that Theospoofers in general are insincere in their belief, or that they do not Theospoof themselves as much as others. It has never occurred to us to doubt the complete faith of Mrs. Annie Besant in her present doctrine, any more than in any and all of the religions, fads, and fancies through which she has progressed up to her present belief, or through which she is destined to journey when she leaves that belief.

The most entertaining paper in the present number of *Lucifer* is one by Mr. William Q. Judge, F.T.S., entitled "On the Future: A Few Reflections." Mr. Judge, "although" an American citizen, was born in Ireland, and, therefore, will have to wait "for some distant incarnation" to be a true-born American. Well, if he can wait, we can. With this preamble he goes on to expound the future of this globe as indicated in the writings of the lamented H. P. B. As far as we can extract any meaning from the exposition of Mr. William Q. Judge, it would seem that apart from the Imperishable Sacred Land, which is at the North Pole, and, therefore, conveniently unverifiable, the remaining continents are to be largely mixed up and altered by geological changes of an alarming kind, and new races of men provided with new dwellings. Well, it may be so—nobody can pronounce for certain—but in view of the decreasing activity of geological agencies of the violent species, and the gradual cooling down of the globe, there does not seem any sufficient ground for expecting such cataclysms. But Mr. William Q. Judge is very bold. "These things must be so," he says, "otherwise our philosophy is all wrong." Which is evidently a wild and monstrous hypothesis, not to be entertained for a moment. "For why," asks William Q., "why in America at first does she" (H. P. B. to wit) "begin the movement, and why end her part of it in England?" Why, indeed? Nay, why do "Sequoia" and the proprietor of "Warner's Safe Cure" and other vendors of patent medicines begin their movement in America, and afterwards extend it to England? The answer may be perhaps gathered from a famous dictum of Thomas Carlyle concerning the population of England, which may be held to apply also to the inhabitants of the United States. "At least, such seemed the view while the clouds lifted—and then once more there was silence." Thus far William Q.—though why and whether and what William, and therefore Q., this, O gasping one—but read the scene between the Hon. Elijah Pogram and the L.L.'s who were Transcendental, and you shall see the prototype of the Theospoofy. The language has hardly changed; neither has its meaning, for there never was any.

The rest of the number is less entertaining. Mr. G. R. S. Mead, F.T.S. (sub-editor), discourses on the World-Soul, incidentally dropping the remark that Christ meant the same person by "Abraham," the "Ruler of this World," and "the Devil." This is certainly a novel exegesis.

After this the *Bolo* or *Cachorka* element swamps the rest. We are submerged by a flood of Eastern philosophy rendered more unintelligible by translation—

Sans sense, sans taste, Sanskrit, sans everything.

We learn that "Mālaprakriti, through the ripening of the Karmic affinities of Egos, assumes the names of Māya, Avidyā, and Tāmās. Among these, the first (Māya) is distinguished by an excess of pure Sattva Guna. . . . He who has the vehicle of the macrocosmic Causal Body (or identifies himself with it) is Ishvara, while he who has the vehicle of the microcosmic Causal Body is Jiva. Through the former he is termed Ishvara, while he is termed Prajña through the latter. Through the macrocosmic Subtle Body he is Hiranyagarbha, while he is Tajjāsa through the microcosmic Subtle Body. Through the macrocosmic Gross Body he is Vishvānara, while through the microcosmic Gross Body he is termed Vishva. . . . Such are the effects of Vikshepa Shakti."

"It be main good," said the farmer, quaffing his landlord's claret; "but somehow us don't seem to git no forrander!" The Hindu philosopher brings out sounding epithets in endless succession, as a conjurer would produce cannon-balls from a hat—or shall we say toupais and cigarettes from the viewless air? But it is all words, words, words! "Why did H. P. B. confine her labours to America, India, and England?" asks William Q. Judge, F.T.S. We will tell him. It is because in the United States and England, and among the youth of Bengal, there flourishes exceedingly the person of imperfect and inaccurate education, half knowing many words, and believing in his (or her) own conceit that he (or she) knows many things. And to such as this person Theospoofy appeals with compelling force, being a body of vague doctrine expressed in unintelligible language, in which anyone of some fluency of speech and quickness of memory may approve himself (or herself) a past master (or mistress). Even if the players do not keep to their own Theospoofical rules (if such there be), who shall expose them? Not their own brothers—fraternity forbids; not the general public, to which *Bolo* is as *Cachorka*, and *Hiranyagarbha* as *Mālaprakriti*, and both as *Bosh*. It is a merry game, doubtless, to the initiated; but perhaps there will come a time when the charms of the unintelligible will wane for the outside observer, and when Theospoofers will be no longer contented with admiring and affecting to understand themselves and each other. Then, it may reasonably be expected, will Theospoofy go the way of the Rosicrucians and the Illuminati, and Mrs. Annie Besant become the High Priestess or Pope Joan of some new cult of the blessed word Mesopotamia. Such are the effects of Vikshepa Shakti.

A. R.

ART NOTES.

The "French" Gallery, which for too many years has been to a great extent unfaithful to its title, this year makes ample amends, for it would be difficult to find elsewhere a finer selection from the works of French "Romantics." Rousseau, Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, and Troyon are represented by masterpieces of their art, and Mr. Wallis is to be congratulated upon the possession of so many distinctive works, which enable us to realise the full powers of their respective artists. "L'Amour Vainqueur" of J. F. Millet may not, perhaps, rank among his most important productions, but it shows one of the best sides of his genius; and the four specimens of Cazin's work fully justify the appreciation in which he is now held by his fellow-countrymen. One side of the gallery is occupied by Faivel's huge panorama-like picture of the "Sheep Pastures of Brittany," in which there are bits of remarkable power, but the picture as a whole does not seem to be held together by any special motive. Von Uhde's "Der Hellige Abend" will arouse considerable criticism as a daring attempt to introduce "modernity" into the treatment of a sacred subject. The idea of the painter is to reproduce in his own country and in our own times the scene which happened in the outskirts of Bethany nineteen hundred years ago. The ground is covered with snow; the travellers, weary with their journey, seek quarters in vain, and the husband, attracted by a light in a neighbouring farm, is going to seek for shelter from the winter's storm. There is much pathos in the scene, but it would not have been less attractive if associated with other characters. Munkowsky, Pille, Heffner, and others of the modern school are also well represented.

At the two galleries in the Haymarket—Messrs. Tooth's and Mr. McLean's—there is very little which calls for special notice, although both contain several pictures which will attract collectors. Messrs. Tooth are doing good service to English artists and to the English public in giving special prominence to the work of William Bouguereau. We have no figure-painter—he is said without disrespect to Sir Frederick Leighton—who can compare with the French leader in the drawing of the human figure. His firmness of hand and mastery of form are unrivalled on either side of the Channel, and however much we may cavil at his sentiment, or find fault with his pearly flesh tints, we must admit his claim to a first place among the Classicists. Mr. David Farquharson's Scotch landscapes are also distinctive features in Messrs. Tooth's exhibition, which, as usual, includes the works of many foreign as well as English artists. Mr. McLean relies on Mr. van Haanen and M. Eugène de Blaas as his special attractions, which are chiefly those of colour. Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Peter Graham, and M. L'Hermite are also well represented, the first-named contributing four works of more than usually varied interest, though all dealing with blue seas.

"Show Sunday" this year was pronounced to be more enjoyable than it has been for many years. Either the novelty or fashion has worn off, or people have awakened to the fact that their presence is not desired where it has not been specially requested. The result has been that the studios were less crowded and locomotion more easy; and, although the ordeal for both painter and visitor was not thereby lightened, it was more easy to obtain, if not to express, a view of the pictures displayed. The President, Mr. Orchardson, and Mr. Luke Fildes are especially strong, the last-named as a portraitist only; and, among the "outsiders," Mr. Arthur Hacker, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Shannon, Mr. J. Farquharson, and Mr. Alfred East will add considerably to their already recognised claims. It is doubtful to what extent Mr. Herkomer will be represented at either Burlington House or the New Gallery, as his health, which has for some time been in a very unsatisfactory state, has quite broken down, and he has been forced to give up his place on the Hanging Committee at the Royal Academy, which has been taken by the veteran Mr. Fildes, whose sympathies with modern art are not supposed to be as strongly marked as those of Mr. Herkomer.

Among the most interesting, if not the most important, art sales of the season will be that of the contents of the late Mr. F. R. Leyland's houses in Prince's Gate and Lansdowne. The "Peacock Room" cannot, presumably, be put up to auction, but it contains among other things a magnificent collection of blue and white china, many of which had belonged to the Marquis d'Azeglio, and a fine, full-length portrait by Whistler of a lady in Japanese costume. The pictures, which are very numerous, include many fine specimens of the Italian "Primitives"—such as Botticelli, Crivelli, Lorenzo Costa, and others—but what will be, perhaps, an even greater attraction will be the numerous works of Rossetti and Burne-Jones which will be submitted to the verdict of the public. Of the former artist there was a fine display some few years ago when the collection of Mr. Graham, of Glasgow, was dispersed, and it will be interesting to see whether the prices realised on that occasion by Rossetti's work will be maintained or enhanced. During his lifetime the painter obtained very large prices for his pictures, which were appreciated by a few connoisseurs, and he shrank from subjecting them to popular criticism. Sufficient time has now elapsed since his death to determine whether the place he is likely to occupy in Messrs. Christie's testing-room is as high as that which he has obtained in the Temple of Fame; for it is not only in this country that Rossetti finds enthusiastic admirers and devoted followers. Anyhow, it is to be hoped that his portrait by Mr. Watts, taken when a comparatively young man, will not be allowed to remain in private hands.

The various Hellenic societies which, under the patronage of their respective Governments, are burrowing in all parts of Greece seem to be in the fair way to upset many cherished traditions. The French School, which is about to take in hand the exploration of Delphi, has been occupying itself during the winter months in cutting a trench across that part of the field of Marathon where the famous battle was fought B.C. 490. The principal objects discovered were the bones of poultry and domestic animals and the remnants of funeral repasts. An abundance of broken vases, more or less calcined, were also found, and two of the largest have been placed together with sufficient success to enable experts to determine their exact date. No photograph or reproduction of these vases has yet been received, and until this has been submitted to the criticism of experts it will be impossible to make any guess as to the place held by Marathon in public veneration during the later period of Greek independence.

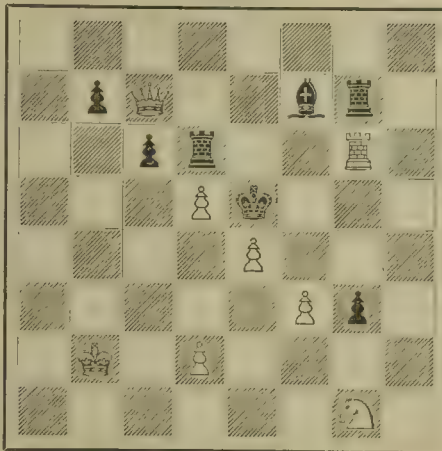
Another veteran of the hostile fleet defeated by Nelson at Trafalgar in 1805 has just died. "Vivent nos amis—nos amis les ennemis!" This old sailor was not a Frenchman but a Spaniard, Don Gaspar Costella, even more aged than the late M. Cartigny, of Hyères; for he was born in 1787, and has lived to his 105th years. He died at San Fernando, near Cadiz, a few days ago.

CHESS.

E. B. SCHWARTZ (Wimbledon).—Thanks; it shall have our careful consideration.
J. D. D. (Hastings).—We are much obliged for your note.
P. D. (Chambers).—The idea is not new, and the position otherwise too simple. In one celebrated problem White made a Q. R. or K. as the case demanded.
F. H. WILLIAMS.—Your last problem shall be examined, and, we hope, with satisfactory results.
J. C. (Reading).—Thanks for communication.
W. B. (Blackburne).—We are, unfortunately, not masters of the situation, but have sent our note to the proper authority.
W. H. (Barnstaple).—Your problem is correct, but rather too easy for our use.
Will our Welsh correspondents who furnished us two endings for adjudication kindly send his address, which has been mislaid.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2300 received from An Old Lady (Petersham, U.S.A.); J. D. D. from F. S. South (Vandyke); E. G. B. and C. M. A. (Barnstaple); J. D. D. from E. B. A. L. (Lynn); J. S. (Vermont); W. Henry (Dorchester); Castle Lea, B. B. and C. B. and Captain J. A. Chalmers (Great Yarmouth).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2301.—By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.
WHITE.
1. B to Q 5th.
2. K to Kt 3rd (ch).
3. K to Kt 5th. Mate.
If Black play 1. P to Q 5th, 2. K to Kt 3rd (ch); and 1. K to Q 5th, 2. B to Kt 6th (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2305.
By G. C. HEYWOOD.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.
Game played at Simpson's in the match between Messrs. BIRD and LOMAN.
(Bird's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th
2. Kt to K 3rd	P to K 4th
3. P to Q 3rd	P to K 3rd
4. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
5. B to K 2nd	B to K 2nd
6. B to Q 3rd	Castles
7. Castles	Kt to Q 3rd
8. Kt to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th
9. P to Q 3rd	P to Kt 4th
10. Q to K 3rd	B to Kt 2nd
11. Q to K 3rd	Kt to K 3rd
12. Kt to Q 5th	P to Q 5th
13. B to K 2nd	P takes P
14. P takes P	Kt to Q 4th

The game has gone very steadily and carefully so far, but here Black embarks on a hazardous campaign. The forces of his opponent are being massed on the King's wing, and to this he might have directed his attention. P to B 4th, followed by B to B 3rd, would have secured his position.

15. P to K 4th Kt to B 5th
16. B to Q 4th
The Bishop is invaluable to White, and is here most usefully posted.
17. P takes P P to Q 4th
18. Kt to K 2nd R takes P

Game played at the odds of Knight and move between Mr. L. VAN VLIET and an Amateur. Remove Black King's Knight.
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Amateur)	BLACK (Mr. L.V.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
3. B to K 4th	B to K 4th
4. Castles	P to Q 3rd
5. B takes Kt (ch)	

This is not good. P to Q 4th, P takes P, K takes Kt, &c., gives him a free game.

6. P to Q 3rd	P takes B
7. R to K 3rd	B to K 3rd
8. P to Q 4th	B to Q 4th
9. B to K 4th	B to K 3rd
10. P to Q 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
11. Q to Kt 3rd	Castles

A most feeble move. P to Q 3rd not only gives freedom to White's forces, but threatens to win a piece by P to Q 4th, and P to Q 4th.

12. P to Q 4th B to K 3rd
13. P to Q 3rd B to K 4th
14. B to K 4th Castles
15. Q to Kt 3rd

An interesting contest has been in progress at the British Chess Club, where Messrs. Bird, Blackburne, Gunsberg, Lasker, and Mason are engaged in a tournament, each having to play two games with the other. Mr. Lasker, who won the recent national tournament, at present heads the score, and, so far, his fine play has attracted much interest and admiration.

The declining match in the contest for the Chess Association Challenge Cup took place on March 26, at the Manchester Chess Club, between the Broadway and Northwick clubs. When the former were victorious by four games to two and one draw. The cup has been held for the last three years by the Birkenhead club.

The return match between the Hastings and the Isle of Thanet Chess Clubs was played at Ashford on March 23, and resulted in a win for the Hastings club by 3 games to 1.

At the annual meeting of the City of London Chess Club, held on March 30, Mr. Kershaw was re-elected president, Messrs. Gasdinu and Manning were re-elected vice-presidents, Mr. Adamson, who did not seek re-election as secretary, was re-elected notwithstanding, and the following gentlemen were elected as managing committee—Messrs. Black, Crawford, Cutler, Hoare, Hoake, Jacobs, James, Morlan, Riddpath, Russell, Vyse, Watts, Woon, A. C. Smith, and Dr. Smith.

For the fourth time in succession Mr. G. E. Barber, the chess editor of the *Illustrated London News*, has won the West of Scotland chess cup. There were eleven entrants this year, and as each has to contest two games with every other, the complete number of games to be played was twenty. Out of these Mr. Barber won 18, drew 2, and lost 2.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Judging by what was to be seen in the studios on the usual show day, our lending lady artists will be but poorly represented in the forthcoming great exhibitions. Mrs. Jopling has nothing but portraits to show, save one hasty-looking picture of a girl in a wood, called "The Trysting Tree." All her portraits are interesting only to the friends of the originals, except in the case of "Mrs. Beerbohm Tree as Ophelia." Into that picture of one of the most charming and graceful of English actresses Mrs. Jopling has put her best self. The mad scene is chosen, and the arms full of flowers, the white gown, the pathetic appeal of the face, combine to make the portrait a true picture. It is right that Mrs. Tree's appearance in this character should have some commemoration, for it is the most marked performance that she has up to now given the public. Mrs. Henrietta Rae has only two pictures to send; she has been obliged to put aside her intended great work because of her illness. The same reason has compelled her to sit while painting most of the comparatively slight work that she has finished. Her leading work is, however, charming—"Mariana in the Moated Grange," a graceful female figure in middle-age costume, seated with head on hand, beside a quaint old window. Mrs. Anna Len Merritt has been ill, and obliged to spend the winter away from her studio, in the balmy air of Egypt. Miss Clara Montalba has not been able to finish her chief work (a Venetian scene, of course), and Mrs. Adrian Stokes is in like case. Mrs. Seymour Lucas's work has been so interrupted by her husband's illness, following his railway accident, that she has nothing to show. Clearly, it will be almost a blank year as far as the most famous lady artists are concerned.

If Miss Florence Maryatt's odd tale in her new book, "There is no Death," were to be believed, and if the departed remained an ict to worldly passions, hopes, and fears, friendships and enmities, and jealousies and affections—then surely the "last wills and testaments" of some of them leave on earth must have led them into considerable trouble. The severe expressions used by the late Lord Lytton in his recently proved will about his mother, Rosina Lady Lytton, for instance, would undoubtedly arouse her ladyship's temper. She had a great flow of energetic language, and no subject excited it so easily as the demerits of her husband, the famous author. Lady Lytton lived alone for some years before her death in Taunton. She was very "peculiar" in many ways; for one thing, she commonly slept in the day, and her house was generally in darkness. Like the first wife of the late King of Holland, Rosina Lady Lytton had a passion for that perfume which nobody can love wisely and not too well—rue. Rooms through which that Queen passed retained the scent for hours; and Lady Lytton's writing-paper was so strongly perfumed with it that I knew when a letter from her lay on my breakfast-table without the aid of my eyes to look for it. The origin of her son's denunciation of her in his will was the publication of her husband's love-letters. It was then shown, drolly enough, that a lady married before 1882 has no legal right to keep possession of her husband's love-letters addressed to herself!

They, with all the rest of her goods and chattels, became her husband's property on marriage; and the late Lord Lytton sued for and actually recovered possession of all his father's letters to his mother on the ground that they were part of his father's estate, to which he was heir-at-law, and did not belong to his mother. Copyright in letters—the right to print and publish them—does not pass to the receiver, but remains with the writer, who can forbid the publication of them by his correspondent; moreover, that copyright is perpetual. This is surely very just. Letters are, or should be, written freely from the soul, and for the eye alone of the one to whom they are addressed. All the moralities of private social intercourse are disregarded when letters which obviously, from their very nature, were never intended for the cold glare of the casual stranger are brought to the garish publicity of print. When clever letters are genuine—that is to say, written to one person, and without any distant thought of their possible publication—they are generally so intensely interesting that it would be too much virtue to expect of us that we should not read them when they are published. But calmly to peruse certain collections of letters in type is so like the unveiling of a soul that one feels that one should be ashamed of thus spying upon it. Such was the feeling with which I read, for example, Mary Wollstonecraft's letters to Imlay, and such also the impression produced by Lytton's love-letters. Nothing could justify the publication of documents so intensely private, and that such publication was illegal, if the representative of the dead chose to object, was as certain as that good taste required the objection. The novelty in the Lytton case consisted in the declaration that the actual paper on which the letters were written became once again the property of their writer as soon as he married her to whom they were written, and that therefore the documents themselves must be handed over to his heir and "residuary legatee."

The curious whim that I have above referred to, of sleeping in the day and waking in the night, has been shared by others—it is so difficult to be original! A still living peeress, now very aged, has for many years slept and eaten in the most irregular fashion. Times and seasons are nothing to her. She sleeps when weary and eats when hungry. She has cold meats left on tables all night, in case she chooses to dine in the small hours; and a chicken or a chop must be cooked at half an hour's notice when she decides to eat in the day; and often she sleeps while others wake, and wanders about her house, reads, writes her letters, plays the piano, and so on, all the night through. Well-regulated intelligences, again, are uncomfortable when the bodies to which they belong are left in strange beds while the spirit sets forth on the travels that we call our sleep. Many people find that they cannot sleep if their ordinary surroundings are lacking. On the other hand, there are some who actually prefer to sleep in strange places, and will roost at random spots about their own houses, if they cannot have the greater novelty of changing the house altogether. The Empress Elizabeth of Russia, according to her niece and successor, Catherine the Great, "had not any fixed hours either for going to bed or for getting up, or for her dinner or her supper." One day after dinner the Empress lay down to go to sleep on a couch, making them bring there a mattress and pillows, and then demanded her blue satin fur-lined mantle to cover her over. This could not at once be found; but in searching for it they discovered instead, pushed hastily in under her mattress, a charm of sorcery: a lady-in-waiting had taken the opportunity of slipping beneath the mattress some of her own long hair, curiously plaited with certain roots, having been told that if she could make the Empress sleep on that charm she would secure the royal affection! Our own Queen, on the contrary, will sleep only on her own bed. This article is sent beforehand to wherever her Majesty is going to sleep. The same used to be done even when in earlier days the Queen paid visits merely of one or two nights' duration to the homes of illustrious subjects. The Queen's bed is mounted on a platform, which is also conveyed and erected wherever her Majesty sleeps.

SOME RECENT MUSIC.

The pianoforte score of "L'Enfant Prodigue" (Metzler and Co.) can scarcely pretend to be very much more than a pleasant reminder of an agreeable distraction. The musical value of M. Wormser's accompaniment to M. Carré's scheme of action depends almost entirely on the extreme dexterity with which the very gestures of the pantomime are translated into sound. At the Prince of Wales's Theatre it was one thing, on one's own piano it is quite another. To read, for instance, "M. Pierrot offers his wife some water—he pours it out—he drinks—he puts down his glass," and to follow on the page the attempt to mimic the sound of the water being poured out, the sound of the glass as it strikes the table—presents of no musical value in themselves—is like hearing an old joke over again, and with the point left out. For, after all, "L'Enfant Prodigue" is only a musical joke, a flash of French esprit, and it must not be examined too carefully or in too serious a spirit. It was delightful, it was a witty relief from the boredom of ordinary stage conversation, it was an experiment which succeeded on condition of not being repeated. And with Jane May as Pierrot it was something to be remembered, with other flimsy exquisite sensations, in some remote and discouraged corner of the brain. So, after all, it would be ungrateful not to welcome the pianoforte score, which will at least help to revive these sensations.

The "Marche des Hallebardiers," by the same composer, which reaches us from the same publisher, shows that M. Wormser can maintain a regular rhythm regularly, but it does not show that he can be as interesting under those conditions. The "Passe-pied," from "The Basoche" of M. Messager, published by Messrs. Chappell and Co., is a fresh and pretty dance, which we have all admired at the Royal English Opera, and can still admire as we play it over on the piano. Mr. Edwin Ashdown sends us two pieces by Mr. Edward German, the composer of the incidental music for Mr. Irving's production of "Henry VIII." One is called a "Graceful Dance," which it is; but why not leave the adjective to the critic? The other is called a "Polish Dance," and it is pretty without being Polish. A song by Mr. German, "The Banks of the Bann," which has reached us from Messrs. Phillips and Pago, has frivolous and sentimental words, and, by some strange caprice, a musical setting of an almost religious solemnity. Disregard the words, as it is generally best to do, and the song is attractive. Mr. Walter Macfarren's "Fifth Tarantella" (Edwin Ashdown) is the work of a thorough musician: it is also, as a tarantella should be, somewhat exciting. A very different word must be applied to the six pianoforte pieces by Nicolai von Wilm, "Schneeflocken" (Forsyth Brothers). These "snowflakes" are subdivided into a berceuse, a mazurka, a melodie, a scherzino, an intermezzo, and an étude. The last is a distinct reminiscence of Rubinstein's melodie in F, and none of them are strikingly original. Perhaps the intermezzo is the most graceful number. Original in this way, though coloured by recollections of Chopin, are the six "Monothemes: Confidences and Confessions for the Pianoforte," by Tobias A. Matthay, published in one volume by Forsyth Brothers. They are vague, dreamy pieces, somewhat too *lourdes* and irregular, too carefully unconventional, but with a certain delicacy of their own. We need only say that Herr Johannes Wolf has published two pieces for violin and piano, a "Romance" and a "Melodie" (Robert Cocks and Co.), in order to send the harmless necessary

amateur violinist in search of his prey. The "Romance" is specially charming. Five books of "Devotional Music" for piano or organ reach us from the London Music Publishing Company, nicely printed at Leipzig, and, no doubt, nicely adapted for the Nonconformist Sunday afternoon. The extracts range from Palestrina to Chopin.

As things go, Mr. Clifton Bingham's words to Mr. F. H. Cowen's cantata for female voices, "The Fairies' Spring" (Robert Cocks and Co.), are rather pretty. The music, too—as it is certain to be with Mr. Cowen—is pretty, though not very individual in character; it is, however, easy of execution, a great merit in cantatas, for cantatas are the chief musical resource of country choirs, and country choirs are not always rich in vocal and instrumental resources. Among several Christmas anthems issued by the London Music Publishing Company, two are specially notable—"Hark! hear you not a cheerful noise?" by Mr. F. W. Davenport, a musician of rare talent, whose work is too seldom heard or even published; and another, beginning "And it came to pass," by Mr. Arthur Simms. Mr. J. L. Roedel has published a charming collection of two-part songs for school classes and choirs, named "Songs of Nature" (Edwin Ashdown). "The Chimes," "The Echo Valley," "The Autumn Wind" are pleasantly evoked in these graceful studies after nature. Three books of music intended for somewhat younger hands and voices have reached us from other publishers. The "Vocal Album for Children" (Alfred Hays)—songs, duets, and trios by Seymour Smith—is the most elaborate and ambitious, and therefore the least satisfactory of the three. It is good of its kind; but that kind is not so attractive to children as the simple playfulness of "Sunbeams" (Enoch and Sons)—ten songs by Mary Carmichael, the words by F. E. Weatherly—and the quaint gaiety of the "Musical Picture-Book" (St. Cecilia Music Publishing Company), by F. V. Kornatzki. A somewhat unsatisfactory collection of school songs reaches us from Canada—"The University of Toronto Song-Book" (sold in London by Chappell and Sons). The interest of such a book should depend entirely on its local character, and a large part of this book is made up of the popular songs of all nations—the "Marseillaise," the "Lorelei," "Marlbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre," &c., many of them spoilt by their arrangement. There are, however, some French-Canadian songs, and a few others, which have an interest of their own. A much more attractive collection is the album of Italian popular songs, "Echoes of Italy," published by G. Ricordi. The volume contains twenty-five songs, with the Italian words and translations by Theo. Marzials, Violet Fane, and Mowbray Marras, and accompaniments arranged for guitar and mandoline. The translations are quite singable, with a little "poetic license" in regard to the length and number of syllables, and the airs have that acute, haunting melody which is characteristic of Italian popular songs. To turn from these beautiful wildflowers to the tamer garden growth of "Long, long ago" and the like is a little disappointing, but the new volume of Boosey's excellent "Royal" edition of "The Songs of England," though it contains much that is commonplace, contains also much that is charming. The composers range from Purcell to Sir Arthur Sullivan, and there are things as well known and as welcome as "Phyllis is my only joy" and "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" side by side with older and newer songs of less fame and scarcely less charm. "The Grosvenor Album," Book IV. (J. and J. Hopkinson), contains some recent songs of the Ciro Pinsuti style; and

"The Grosvenor College Album," No. 23 (Wickins and Co.) is devoted to "Sea Songs," such as Dibdin's "Jolly Young Waterman" and Bishop's "O, firm as oak."

The supply of drawing-room songs is apparently inexhaustible: they defy classification, they outpace record. But one is always glad to see anything new by Mande Valérie White, whose music is never hackneyed. Her setting of "John Anderson, my jo," however, strikes one as somewhat too elaborate; the "Little Spring Song" (after Heine) is quite delightful in its pastoral freshness. Both are published by G. Ricordi. From Mr. J. L. Roedel we have a very cheerful religious song, "The Coming of the King" (Enoch and Sons), more effective in the accompaniment than in the writing for the voice; and "On Silver Waters" (Robert Cocks), a high and liquid melody, which requires a very pure voice to do it justice. From the ever-popular Tosti we have "Remembered Still" (words by F. E. Weatherly) and "Te Souviens-tu?" (English words by the same). Both are published by G. Ricordi, both are in the usual Tosti style, but the latter is unfortunately in waltz time. The same publisher sends us a number of songs, some with Italian, some with English words, by L. Denza. They are all singularly pretty, always with the clear melody of the Italian school, and often with original and expressive effects for voice and for piano. Perhaps the most attractive are "Hush-a-bye" and "Ave Maria." The "Indian Love-Song" (Chappell and Co.) of Mr. Reginald de Koven, the composer of "Maid Marian," is a curious experiment in imitation of the monotonous Eastern melodies. It is pretty and it is unusual. Pretty too, but by no means unusual, is "The Bee and the Song," by F. E. Weatherly (Boosey and Co.) "Kings of the Road," by F. Bevan (Enoch and Sons), is a swinging song for a sturdy man's voice; Mr. Milton Wellings's "Unforgotten Years" (same publisher) demands a contralto of considerable capacity: very low almost throughout, it rises at the end to the higher G. "Lotus Land" (B. Williams), by Guido Romani, starts well, but lapses into conventionality; "Crossing the Bar," by C. Ernest Baughan (J. and J. Hopkinson), tries to rise to the occasion of Lord Tennyson's incomparable words, but, naturally, without a very satisfying result. In "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" (Lutchings and Romer), Mr. Frederick Hellmore has more wisely contented himself with Mr. Eugene Field, a charming American writer, and he has succeeded admirably in translating into music the quaint and comic solemnity of the words.

The Admiralty Pier at Dover, which has cost Government above one million sterling, was finally handed over to the Dover Harbour Board on April 1, as part of the scheme of new harbour works, to be completed in about seven years from this time.

The political tumults in the Argentine Republic, illustrated recently by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, at Buenos Ayres, in his sketches of the election riots and conflicts with the police of that city, have reached their height on the eve of the Presidential election. On April 3, President Pellegrini's Government declared a state of siege, filled the streets with troops, and arrested the leaders of the "Radical" Party with forty military officers. Assassination plots and dynamite plots are rumoured, but of these no proof has been made public as yet. A civil war has actually broken out in the Republic of Venezuela, near Caracas, and there is a menace of insurrection in Peru.



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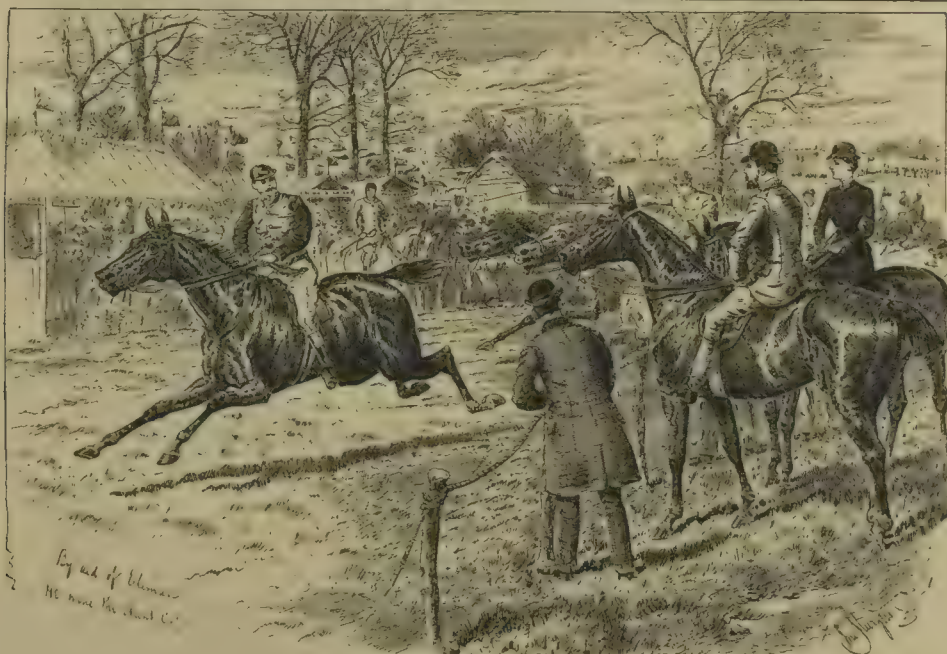


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FORENSIC ACUTENESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED," &c.

One of O'Connell's earliest displays of forensic acuteness took place at Tralee. The question in dispute touched the validity of a will which had been made almost in *articulo mortis*. The instrument seemed drawn up in due form; the witnesses gave ample confirmation that it had been legally executed. One of them was an old servant. O'Connell cross-examined him, and allowed him to speak on in the hope that he might say too much. The witness had already sworn that he had seen the deceased sign the will. "Yes," he went on, "I saw him sign it, and surely there was life in him at the time." The expression, frequently repeated, led O'Connell to suspect that it had a peculiar meaning. Fixing his eyes on the old man, he said, "You have taken a solemn oath before God and man to speak the truth and the whole truth; the eye of God is on you, and the eyes of your neighbours are fixed on you too. Answer me, by virtue of that sacred and solemn oath which has passed your lips, was the testator alive when he signed the will?" The witness quivered, his face grew ashy pale as he repeated, "There was life in him." The question was reiterated; and at last O'Connell half-compelled, half-coaxed him to admit that, after life was extinct, a pen had been put into the testator's hand, that one of the party guided it to sign his name, while, as a salve for the conscience of all concerned, a living fly was put into the dead man's mouth to qualify the witnesses to bear testimony that "there was life in him" when he signed the will. The fact thus elicited was the means of preserving a large property in a respectable and worthy family. This story we have taken from the recently published correspondence of O'Connell. The following is from the same source: A man named Pat Hogan was tried for murder. A hat, believed to be the prisoner's, was found close to the murdered man, and was identified by a Crown witness. O'Connell defended the prisoner. "By virtue of your oath, are you positive that this is the same hat?" "Yes." "Did you examine it carefully before you swore in your information that it was the prisoner's?" "Yes." "Now let me see" (taking up the hat and examining the inside), "Pat-lif-o-g-a-n. Now, do you swear these words were in the hat when you found it?" "I do." "Did you see them, then?" "I did." "This is the same hat?" "It is." "Now, my lord" (holding up the hat to the Bench), "there is an end to the case. No name whatever is inscribed in the hat."

In no way can barristers better display their acuteness than by seeing at a glance the character of the witnesses they are about to examine, and by treating them accordingly. Erskine was famous at this. In a case in which he was engaged, a commercial traveller came into the witness-box dressed in the height of fashion, and wearing a starched white necktie folded in the "Bismarck fold." In an instant Erskine knew his man, though he had never seen him before, and said to him, with an air of careless amusement, "You were born and bred in Manchester, I presume?" Greatly astonished at this opening remark, the man admitted that he was. "Exactly," observed the great cross-examiner, in a conversational tone, "I knew it from the absurd tie of your neck-cloth." The roars of laughter—coming from every person in court, with the single exception of the unfortunate witness—which followed this rejoinder completely effected Erskine's purpose, which was to put the witness in a state of agitation and confusion before touching on the facts concerning which he had come to give evidence.

Equally effective was the sharp question put quickly by the same lawyer to the witness who, in an action for payment of a tailor's bill, swore that a certain dress-coat was badly made, one of the sleeves being longer than the other. "You will," said Erskine, slowly, having risen to cross-examine, "swear—that one of the sleeves was longer—than the other?" Witness: "I do swear it." Erskine, quickly, and with a flash of indignation, "Then, Sir, I am to understand that you positively deny that one of the sleeves was shorter than the other?" Startled into a self-contradiction by the suddenness and impetuosity of this thrust, the witness said: "I do deny it." Erskine, raising his voice as the tumultuous laughter died away, "Thank you, Sir; I don't want to trouble you with another question."

Sometimes witnesses have been so irritated by barristers that they have tried to revenge themselves, but they have seldom been able to cope with the acuteness of their tormentors. In a trial at York that had arisen from a horse-race it was stated in evidence that one of the conditions of the race required that "each horse should be ridden by a gentleman." The race having been run, the holders refused to pay the stakes to the winner on the ground that he was not a gentleman; whereupon the equestrian whose gentility was thus called in question brought an action for the money. After a humorous inquiry, which terminated in a verdict for the defendants, the plaintiff challenged the defendant's counsel, Messrs. Scott and Law, for maintaining that he was no gentleman; to which invitation the challengers replied that they "could not think of fighting one who had been found no gentleman by the solemn verdict of twelve of his countrymen."

Another barrister who is said to have saved his skin by the readiness of his humour was Curran. He received a call before he left his bed one morning from a gentleman whom he had cross-examined with unjustifiable insolence on the previous day. "Sir!" said the irate man, presenting himself in the barrister's bed-room and rousing him from slumber, "I am the gentleman whom you insulted yesterday in his Majesty's court of justice, in the presence of the whole county, and I am here to thrash you soundly!" Thus speaking, the Herculean intruder waved a horsewhip over the recumbent lawyer. "You don't mean to strike a man when he is lying down?" inquired Curran. "No, bedad! I'll just wait till you've got out of bed, and then I'll give it to you sharp and fast!" Curran's eye twinkled mischievously as he rejoined, "If that's the case, by—I'll lie here all day." So tickled was the visitor with this announcement that he dropped his horsewhip, and dismissing anger with a hearty roar of laughter asked the counsellor to shake hands with him.

Of course there is as much or even more opportunity for displaying forensic acuteness in managing juries as there is in dealing with witnesses. A great French lawyer was employed to defend a murderer against whom facts were hopelessly clear. When his pathetic appeals and his tears failed to touch his stolid audience, he resorted to the most impudent piece of broad farce. He made all sorts of jokes and bombastic appeals. The jury responded with loud and uncontrolled bursts of laughter. This was the advocate's opportunity. Feigning high moral indignation at their conduct, he continued—"You are about to decide whether one of your fellow-men shall be thrust by you out of the ranks of the living, and you choose such a moment for indulging in cruel and thoughtless laughter. Is this extravagant mirth a fitting mood in which

to decide whether a man shall or shall not die?" The argument actually told on the jury—the man was acquitted.

We used to read of the pistol and bowie-knife being mentioned by barristers in the far west of America to impress the minds of foremen of juries, and it is related that at the bar of one of our Australian colonies a barrister concluded his speech thus: "At great length, gentlemen of the jury, I have stated the reasons which cause me to believe in the prisoner's innocence and to regard him as a personal friend. Gentlemen, the prisoner in the dock is my very dear personal friend, and if he falls by your hands I will avenge his honour and my loss. As a gentleman of an old Irish family, who can snuff candles with a revolver at twelve paces, I call upon you to place my friend right in the eyes of society. I leave the case in your hands, feeling satisfied that you will not accuse me of employing the language of menace when I have done no more than hint at some of the natural consequences of a verdict adverse to my conscientious opinion."

But the acuteness of lawyers is, as might be expected, displayed not the least in procuring for themselves what they consider their proper amount of remuneration. On one occasion, when a particularly troublesome case was laid before Serjeant Hill, this most erudite of George the Third's serjeants delicately intimated his desire for higher payment in the following way: He returned the brief with a note, saying that he "saw more difficulty in the case than, under all the circumstances, he could well solve." As the fee marked upon the case was only a guinea, the attorney readily inferred that its smallness was one of the circumstances which occasioned the counsel's difficulty. The case, therefore, was returned with a fee of two guineas. Still dissatisfied, Serjeant Hill answered that "he saw no reason to change his opinion."

Of the many piquant stories told about the extortionate charges of attorneys few are more humorous than the following, taken from the *London Chronicle*, Jan. 11, 1781: "An attorney in Dublin, having dined by invitation with his client several days, pending a suit, charged six shillings and eightpence for each attendance, which was allowed by the Master on taxing costs. In return for this the client furnished the Master Attorney with a bill for his eating and drinking, which the attorney refused to pay. The client brought his action, and recovered the amount of his charge. But he did not exult in his victory, for in a few days after the attorney lodged an information against him before the Commissioners of Excise for retailing wine without a license, and, not being able to controvert the fact, to avoid an increase of costs, he submitted by the advice of counsel to pay the penalty, a great part of which went to the attorney as informer."

A mighty cyclone of wind passed over the western prairie States of America on Thursday, March 31, and Friday, April 1, blowing down a large brick house in the city of Chicago, and almost entirely destroying the towns of Towanda and Augusta, in Kansas, besides great damage and some loss of life in many other places.

The Provincial Governments of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, parts of the Dominion of Canada, are now accused of large administrative corruption, bribery, peculation, and frauds in relation to railway companies, which are specified by the Opposition party, demanding that high officials, including the Premier of New Brunswick, shall be put on their trial.

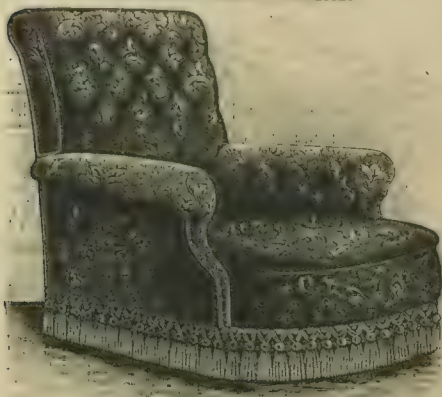
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THE TORQUAY SUITE is a very handsome set in hazelwood and ash, and consists of wardrobe with bevelled plate glass door and well carved panels; washstand with wash tub, marble top, and cupboard beneath; toilet table with bevelled glass, jewel drawers, and bottom shelf, towel rack, and three chairs, £15 10s.

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THE WILLOUGHBY CHAIR.

Extremely comfortable, with very deep and wide seat, stuffed all hair, and finished with soft in handsome tapestry, trimmed with deep fringe, £8 6s. If in Crotone without fringe, £5 10s.

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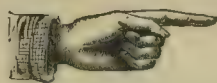
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Irish probate of the will (dated June 20, 1881), with a codicil (dated July 29, 1889), of the Right Hon. Charlotte Isabella Rosabelle, Dowager Baroness Garvagh, who died on Dec. 22 last, granted to William Hamilton Ash, Michael King, and James Powell, three of the executors, was resealed in London on March 21, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £61,000. There are bequests to her son, Albert Stratford George Canning, to her grandson, Lord Garvagh, and to others. The residue of her estate the testatrix gives to her daughter, Emmeline Rosabella Canning.

The Irish probate of the will and codicils of Sir Victor Alexander Brooke, Bart., who died on Nov. 23 last, has now been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £132,000. The testator gives the Villa Jousence, Pau, with the furniture and effects, and an annuity of £1200, to his wife. The Colebrooke estate, Fermanagh, and other property are settled upon his son Arthur Douglas, who has succeeded to the baronetcy; and there are legacies to children. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one twenty-fifth part to each of his younger sons (except Butler, who is otherwise provided for); one twenty-fifth to each of his daughters; and the remainder to his eldest son, Arthur Douglas.

Confirmation of the disposition and settlement (dated June 15, 1889) of Mr. Charles C. Mackirdy, J.P., who died on Dec. 19, has been granted by the Sheriff of the county of Limerick to George P. Macindoe and General David Elliot Mackirdy, the brother of deceased, the accepting executors, the personal estate amounting to £336,800. The testator leaves £21,500 in legacies, and gives all the residue to his brother, General D. Elliot Mackirdy (who also acquires the heritable property and picture collection).

The will (dated May 9, 1890), with two codicils (dated June 29 and July 31, 1891), of Mr. Abraham Northen, formerly of the Stock Exchange, and late of Ilave, Sussex, who died on Jan. 25, was proved on March 28 by Robert Durham, the nephew, Thomas Adams, and Henry Rashleigh Gray, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £237,000. The testator gives all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, and household effects, and an annuity of £3000 to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Ann Northen; his freehold premises, Kent House, West Hill, Sydenham, to his daughter

Edith; his freehold premises, Berriedale House, West Hill, to his daughter Lillian Maude; and two or three other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for all his children.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1891) of Mr. Charles Arthur Day, late of Terrace House, Southampton, who died on Jan. 16, was proved on March 17 by Arthur James Day, Major Montague Campbell Day, Frederick Cornwallis Day, and George Cameron Day, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £205,000. The testator leaves £1000 and his household furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Mary Campbell Day; his residence, Terrace House, and £3200 per annum to her, for life; legacies from £15,000 to £24,000 to each of his nine children; and some other bequests. The residue of his property is to be divided between his six sons in equal shares.

The will (dated Sept. 2, 1890) of Mr. Richard Ellison Strachan, late of Wick House, Durham Park, Redland, Bristol, oil merchant, who died on Jan. 22, has been proved in London by Walter Strachan, the son, and James Fuller Eberle, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £137,000. The testator bequeaths £500, the effects at his residence, and an annuity of £800 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Strachan; an annuity of £150 to his brother, Henry Sansom Strachan, and to his wife, Julia, if she survive him; an annuity of £50 to his sister Helen Paterson; an annuity of £30 to each of his sisters Laura and Emma; and £50 to his executor, Mr. Eberle. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one ninth, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Florence Mary Eberle, Ada Constance Woodley, and Laura Strachan; and six ninths equally between his four sons, Richard Ellison, Charles, Walter, and Frank.

The will (dated March 18, 1870), with a codicil (dated Sept. 10, 1890), of Miss Anna Sturges-Bourne, formerly of Testwood House, in the county of Southampton, but late of Crookham Knoll, near Farnham, Surrey, who died on Dec. 4, was proved on March 5 by George Edward Martin and the Rev. Richard Martin, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £70,000. The testatrix leaves Park Hill House, Torquay, with the stables and grounds, to her cousins Isabella Margaret Martin and Anne Martin, for their lives, and on the death of the survivor of them to Charlotte Harriet Martin; there are several pecuniary legacies, and she states that she has conveyed her real estate in the county of Wor-

cester to George Edward Martin. The residue of her real estate and various specified stocks and shares, amounting to over £40,000, are to be divided between the children of the said George Edward Martin and of William Martin (except Alfred John) who shall be living at her death and the issue of any that may be dead. The residue of her personal estate she bequeaths to the said George Edward Martin.

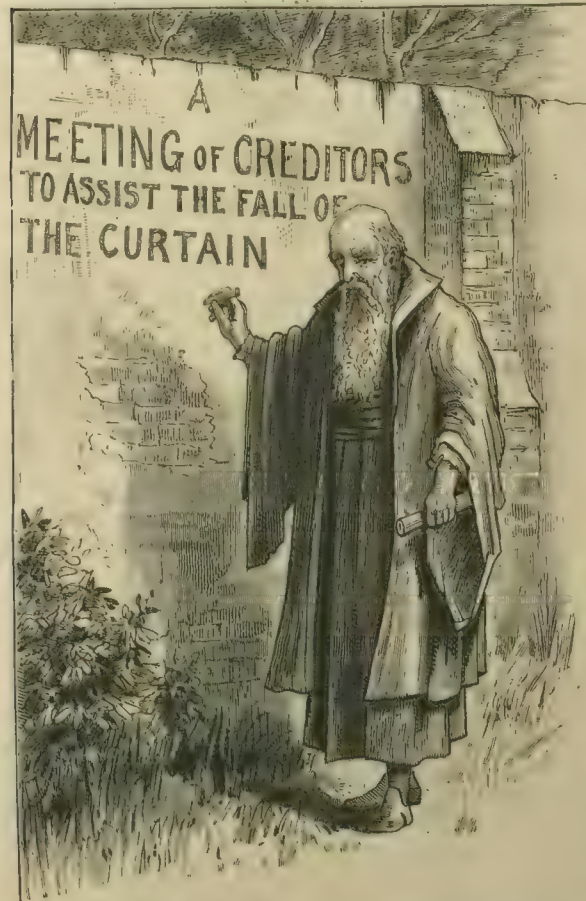
The will (dated May 1, 1890), with a codicil (dated Dec. 12, 1891), of Mrs. Sarah Martineau, late of Brathay, Thornton Road, Clapham Park, who died on Dec. 23, was proved on March 14 by David Martineau and George Martineau, the sons, and Miss Mary Martineau, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £63,000. The testatrix gives her leasehold residence, with the furniture, plate, and effects, horses and carriages, to her daughter, Mary; and legacies to brother, grandchildren, nephews, and nieces. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one fourth to each of her children, David, George, and Mary; and one fourth, upon trust, for her grandchildren, Edith Sarah Norton and John Taylor Wills, the children of her late daughter, Lucy, the wife of Sir Alfred Wills.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1890) of General Henry Roxby Benson, C.B., Colonel 17th Lancers, late of Fairy Hill, Swansea, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on March 17 by Mrs. Mary Henrietta Benson, the widow, William Denman Benson, the son, and William Wightman Wood, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testator gives £5000 to his wife, and confirms their marriage settlement; his furniture, plate, pictures, jewellery, personal effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, to his wife, for life, with a power of disposition thereafter, and, subject thereto, for his children; his leasehold residence, Fairy Hill, to his wife, for life, with a power of appointment, and, in default of appointment, to his son, Lieut.-Colonel Starling Neux Benson; and there are specific devises of certain lands to each of his three sons, Starling Neux, Henry Wightman, and Richard Erle. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then an annuity of £300 is to be paid to his son Florence John, and the ultimate residue is to be divided between his nine children.

The will (dated March 25, 1884) of the Ven. Edward Balston, Archdeacon of Derby and Vicar of Bakewell, Head Master of Eton College 1862-8, who died on Nov. 29 last, was proved on March 21 by Mrs. Harriet Anne Balston.

No voice, however feeble, lifted up for truth dies.—Whittier.

THE POVERTY OF WEALTH.



"TO WHOM SHE OWED A DINNER, AND FELT BOUND TO GIVE AN EQUALLY GRAND ONE IN RETURN—NAY, GRANDER, IF POSSIBLE. Course after course succeeded each other. There was set before the company about six times as much as they could possibly eat, and ten times as much as they ought to drink, though they DID their best to do both. What else could they do when everything to TEMPT APPETITE and DESTROY HEALTH was lavished upon them with CRUEL KINDNESS worthy of Heliogabalus?"

Mrs. CRAIG.

MORAL.—THE END OF THE CHAPTER. For what a Death in Life it must be—an existence whose SOLE AIM is GOOD EATING and DRINKING!!! NOT THAT THESE THINGS are BAD—in MODERATION, and with something HIGHER beyond. BUT WITH NOTHING BEYOND!! WHAT THEN? And such is Human Life; so gliding on, it glimmers like a meteor, and is gone.

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

STIMULANTS.—Experience shows that Sugar, Mild Ales, Port Wine, Dark Sherries, Sweet Champagne, Liqueurs, and Brandy are all very apt to disagree; while Light White Wine, and Gin or Old Whisky largely diluted with Seltzer Water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation when Digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost through alcoholic drinks, fatty substances, or want of exercise. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known, no family would be without it.

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"Sir,—I attribute the entire immunity I have enjoyed from sickness during a two years' residence in these fields to the constant use of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which medicine I consider indispensable to anyone living in a fever country. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this.—Yours faithfully, 'The Proprietor of Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' London."

"W. M. TRUCKER, Prospector."

DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything without any benefit, I was recommended to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly,

"To Mr. J. C. ENO."

"ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barmasford."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it Life is a Sham!—"A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

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TA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY POLKA, WALTZ, and GALOP. by JOSEF MEISLER, and POLKA-MARCHE, by THEO. BONHOFER, arranged in Lotti's Celebrated Song, are PERFORMED EVERY EVENING by the LEADING ORCHESTRAS throughout the Kingdom. The Piano Solos 2s. each. Band Parts of all the above now ready.

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TA-RA-BOOM-DE-AY, for Banjo and Piano. Now ready, THEO. BONHOFER'S POLKA-MARCHE, arranged for Banjo and Piano, two Banjos and Piano, in 10. Price 2s. 6d.

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BROADWOOD ROSEWOOD COTTAGE PIANOFORTE. Ivory keys, good tone and touch, in excellent condition. For prompt cash, £15. Packed free and forwarded. Descriptive lists free.

COLLARD and COLLARD GRAND PIANOFORTE. full compass of seven octaves, rich tone, Ivory keys, 234. A great bargain. Packed free and forwarded. Descriptive lists free.

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FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH. Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the decay of the TEETH. Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE. Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke. Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste. Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES, also of LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, and SHIRTS.

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£10.—In return for £10 NOTE. KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for pocket, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, drop, and dust tight.

£25.—A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, accurately timed for all climates, jewelled in massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embossed. Free and safe for Turf Clocks.

Sir JOHN BENNETT (Limited), 65, Cheapside, London.

£20, £30, £40 Presentation Watches. Arise and Inscription embossed to order.

£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells. To suit or hang any. With bracket and shield, Three Guineas extra. Estimates for Turf Clocks.

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ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

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IRISH CAMBRIC Per doz. Per doz.

Children's Bordered .. 1/3 Hemstitched, Ladies' .. 2/2 Ladies' .. 2/11

Gents' .. 3/3 Gents' .. 3/11

POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS. Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz.; Dinner Napkins, 5/8 per doz.; Kitchen Table Cloth, 1/1d. each; Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.; Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/4 each.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN. Table Cloth, 2 yards square, 2/11; 24 yards by 3 yards, 5/11 each; Kitchen Table Cloth, 1/1d. each; Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.; Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/4 each.

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EASTER ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS will be extended as usual. The Cheap Saturday for Monday Tickets issued to or from London and the Seaside on Saturday, April 16, will be available for return on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday, April 18, 19, and 20.

EXTRA TRAINS FOR ISLE OF WIGHT.—The 4.55 p.m. from Victoria and London Bridge will convey Passengers for Victoria, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, Newport and Cowes, on April 14 and 18 (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

PARIS AT EASTER.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSIONS, THURSDAY, APRIL 14th.—Leave London Bridge 8.10 a.m., Victoria 8.10 a.m., and Kensington (Addison Road) 8.10 a.m. (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). These Excursion Tickets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will also be issued by the regular Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m., London Bridge 9 p.m., Chelmsford, April 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and 1st May. (Returning from Paris 8.50 p.m. on any day within 14 days of the date of issue. Fares, 1st Class, 30s. 3d., 2nd Class 20s. 3d., 3rd Class (Night Service only), 2s.).

BRIGHTON.—GOOD FRIDAY AND EASTER SUNDAY.—A CHEAP FIRST CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—SATURDAY TO SUNDAY. MONDAY, or TUESDAY.—SPECIAL CHEAP TICKETS from London by the following, and dated to suit the SPECIAL TRAIN, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, from Victoria (Addison Road) 1.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; from Kensington (Addison Road) 1.50 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction, Chelmsford, and Croydon; from London Bridge 2.15 p.m., calling at New Cross, Norwood Junction, and East Croydon; to Brighton (Central Station) and West Brighton. (Returning by any Train according to class on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday. Fares from London, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 1st May, 2nd May, 3rd May, 4th May, 5th May, 6th May, 7th May, 8th May, 9th May, 10th May, 11th May, 12th May, 13th May, 14th May, 15th May, 16th May, 17th May, 18th May, 19th May, 20th May, 21st May, 22nd May, 23rd May, 24th May, 25th May, 26th May, 27th May, 28th May, 29th May, 30th May, 1st June, 2nd June, 3rd June, 4th June, 5th June, 6th June, 7th June, 8th June, 9th June, 10th June, 11th June, 12th June, 13th June, 14th June, 15th June, 16th June, 17th June, 18th June, 19th June, 20th June, 21st June, 22nd June, 23rd June, 24th June, 25th June, 26th June, 27th June, 28th June, 29th June, 30th June, 1st July, 2nd July, 3rd July, 4th July, 5th July, 6th July, 7th July, 8th July, 9th July, 10th July, 11th July, 12th July, 13th July, 14th July, 15th July, 16th July, 17th July, 18th July, 19th 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the widow, and Richard James Balston and Thomas John Proctor Carter, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £53,000. The testator leaves his plate, books, pictures, drawings, and works of art to his wife, for life; at her death he leaves Monro's "Sabrina," with the cabinet for pedestal, the whole being the present of former pupils, to the Provost and Fellows of Eton College, to be placed in the college library; the silver tankard and silver ewer and basin presented to him by the Eton boys and the Eton assistant masters, the portrait of Lord Francis Hervey by Sant, the portraits of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, Mr. Reginald Hardy, and others belonging to him, now in the head master's chamber, and drawings by Richmond of former pupils, also to the Provost and Fellows of Eton College. He bequeaths £500 and his furniture and effects to his wife, and other legacies. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then legacies to his brother, nieces, a nephew, and servants are to be paid; and the ultimate residue he gives to his said nephew Richard James Balston.

The will (dated June 17, 1890), with a codicil (dated Jan. 17, 1891), of Miss Frances Louisa Drake, formerly of Leytonstone, Essex, and late of 5, West Hill, St. Leonards-on-Sea, who died on Jan. 16, was proved on March 8 by James Clark and Edward Scripps Tudor, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testatrix gives legacies to, or upon trust for, her niece and nephews, Helen Strange, William John Strange, and Leonard Strange, and others. The residue of her estate she leaves, upon trust, for her sister, Mrs. Mary Ann Helen Strange, for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated Oct. 26, 1883), with a codicil (dated Feb. 23, 1888), of General Sir Arthur Johnstone Lawrence, K.C.B., late of Foxhills, Chertsey, who died on Jan. 25, was proved on March 22 by Colonel Edward Thomas Henry Hutton, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. There are devises and bequests to his sons, George D'Aguliar and Frederick Eyre; a bequest of £2000 to his stepson, Colonel E. T. H. Hutton; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate the testator gives to his son George D'Aguliar.

EASTER HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS OF THE BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—The availability of ordinary return tickets to and from the seaside, &c., will be extended as usual over the Easter holidays, and this will also include the special cheap Saturday to Monday tickets. On Thursday, April 14, a fourteen-day excursion to Paris, by the picturesque route via Dieppe and Rouen will be run from London by a special day service and also by the fixed night service on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, April 14 to 20 inclusive. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday day trips, at greatly reduced excursion fares, will run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. Special Saturday to Tuesday tickets will also be issued from London to Brighton, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight. Extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic, to the Crystal Palace grand sacred concert on Good Friday and the special holiday entertainments on Easter

Monday and following days. On Easter Monday special cheap excursions will be run from London to Brighton, Worthing, Midhurst, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Eastbourne, Bexhill, St. Leonards, and Hastings. On Easter Tuesday cheap day trips will be run from London to Brighton and Worthing. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evening of Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, April 13, 14, and 16, for the sale of the special cheap tickets and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria.

Prince Bismarck's seventy-seventh birthday, on April 1, which, in his case assuredly, has proved no "All Fools' Day," was celebrated by his Hamburg neighbours, and in many other German towns, with enthusiastic demonstrations of regard. Eight thousand visitors went to the residence of the stout old statesman in Lauenburg, offering their hearty congratulations; he made a short speech, and there was a grand torchlight procession.

The Burmese city of Mandalay, on the Irrawaddy, formerly the capital of King Theebaw, has again been visited with a conflagration, more destructive than the last since the British occupation. It took place on Wednesday, March 30, and incendiary was suspected. Many of the costly and gorgeously decorated "Kyaungs," or Buddhist monasteries, with their temples full of rich carving, gilding, and colouring work, are entirely destroyed. The damage is estimated at nearly a million sterling.

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New Life
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THE WEAK AND LANGUID, AND ALL WHO SUFFER FROM

Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, Kidney Diseases,
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General Debility, Torpid Liver, Impaired Vitality, Melancholia,
Should stop taking poisonous drugs and quick medicines, and try the healing, strengthening, and exhilarating effect of mild continuous currents of Electricity, imperceptibly and conveniently applied to the system by simply wearing

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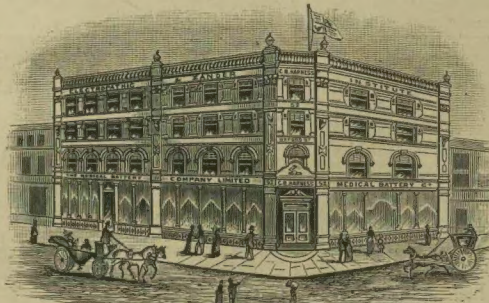
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SCIATICA.

G. E. FISHER, Esq., 9, Galtion Street, Liverpool, writes: "I desire to offer my testimony as to the great benefit I have obtained from wearing one of your Electropathic Belts. As you are aware by my letters to you, I had extreme pain in my left hip and leg, which was slowly but surely breaking me up, and after trying doctors, and spending a lot of money in medicines and embrocations for nine months, I determined to try one of your Belts, and I bless the hour I did so, for in about a month's time from having commenced to wear it the great pain that I had endured so long was entirely gone. I beg to offer you my sincere and heartfelt thanks for producing such a great remedy for suffering people. I strongly recommend your Electropathic Belts to those people of my acquaintance who are afflicted with any complaint which your system treats."



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WEAKNESS.

Miss HANDSIDE, Fleet-ham Mill, Cathill, writes: "I am more than thankful for the great benefit I have received from your Electropathic treatment. I felt stronger and much better from the first day of wearing the Electropathic Belt, its effect being marvellous, and, altogether, I can enjoy life better than I have done for years. I am considerably stronger than before."

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Before you waste any more time and money on nauseous drugs and quack medicines, Mr. C. B. HARNESSE, the President of the Company, invites you to pay a visit to their Electropathic and Zander Institute, where, by means of scientific experiments and testimonials, he will be able to prove to you conclusively that his world-famed Electropathic Belts have cured thousands of the most obstinate cases of Nervous Exhaustion, Physical Debility, Melancholia, Indigestion, Neuritis, &c. This treatment needs only to be more widely known to be universally adopted, and it is for this reason that we are advertising so largely. The surest proof of the success of our Treatment is that almost every patient who has adopted it has introduced several other sufferers. Harnesse's Electropathic Treatment is the most natural and certain means of obtaining Health, Strength, and Vital Energy. All communications are regarded as strictly Private and Confidential.

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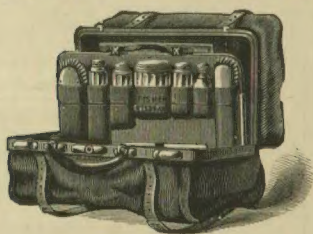
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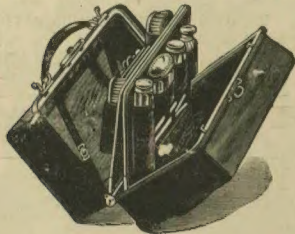
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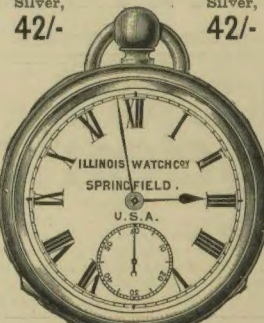
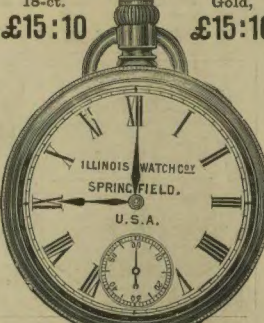
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